Ser Fojie Rajah 1817

THE Sporting Magazine: OR MONTHLY CALENDAR of the TRANSACTIONS OF THE TURF THE CHACE

And every other Diversion

Interesting to the

Man of Pleasure, Enterprize & Spirit.

VOLUME THE SIXTH.

LONDON.

Printed for the PROPRIETOR, and Sold by J. WHEBLE,

No. 18. Warwick Square, Warwick Lane, near St. Pauls.

MDCCXCV.

THE

SPORTING MAGAZINE:

OR,

MONTHLY CALENDAR

Of the Tranſactions of the TURF, the CHASE, and every other Diverſion intereſting to the Man of Pleaſure, Enterprize, and Spirit.

For APRIL 1795.

CONTAINING

	Page
Life of Mr. Tatterſall —	3
Death of Sir Francis Kinloch	5
A Check to the Breeding of Horſes	6
Proceedings in the Houſe of Commons reſpecting the Veterinary College	7
Law Report ——	8
De Heine's Bail —	ibid
A Treatiſe on Farriery —	9
Of Bleeding, and when neceſſary	ibid
On Hunting, Letter XIX. —	14
Scenes from the New Comedy of the Wheel of Fortune —	17
Laws of the Game of Quadrille	21
Fiſhing in China ——	23
Anecdotes of eminent Cheſs Players	25
On the Migration of Fiſhes —	29
Liſt of Stallions to cover this Seaſon	32
Account of the New Piece called Windſor Caſtle —	33
———— Comedy of the Welch Heireſs — —	34
Deſcription of Lord Jerſey's State Chariot ——	ibid
Pedigree of Young Cartouch	35
———— Lath —	ibid
———— Sedbury —	36
———— Volunteer —	ibid
———— Squirrel —	ibid
Epping Eaſter Hunt —	37
Liſt of Gold Cups won at Doncaſter	39
The Feaſt of Wit; or Sportſman's Hall	40
Iriſh Eloquence ——	ibid
Economy — —	ibid
Repartee ——	41
Cheap Travelling —	ibid
Spencers — —	ibid
A Bull ——	42
Ludicrous Compariſon between Men and Dogs ——	ibid
Deſcription of the School of Bacchus Club at Bath —	44
Extract from the Memoirs of Mons. Sain Bel —	45
Deſcription of Aſtley's New Amphitheatre, Weſtminſter Bridge	48
The Brompton Myſtery —	49
Account of the New Farce called the Iriſh Mimic ——	52
Sporting Intelligence —	ibid
Fox Hunting ——	ibid
Eaſter Sports —	54
Cumberland Sports —	55
Boxing — —	ibid
POETRY.—Songs in Windſor Caſtle—Epitaph — The Fighting Cocks — Song—Tom Truelove's Knell—Epigram — The expiring Chaffinch's Addreſs — —	57—60
RACING CALENDAR—Newmarket—Catterick-Bridge—Extra Sporting	1—4

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By E. RIDER, Little Britain.

And Sold by J. WHEBLE, No. 18, Warwick Square, Warwick Lane, near St. Paul's; WILLIAM BURREL's Circulating Library, at Newmarket; and by every Bookſeller and Stationer in Great Britain and Ireland.

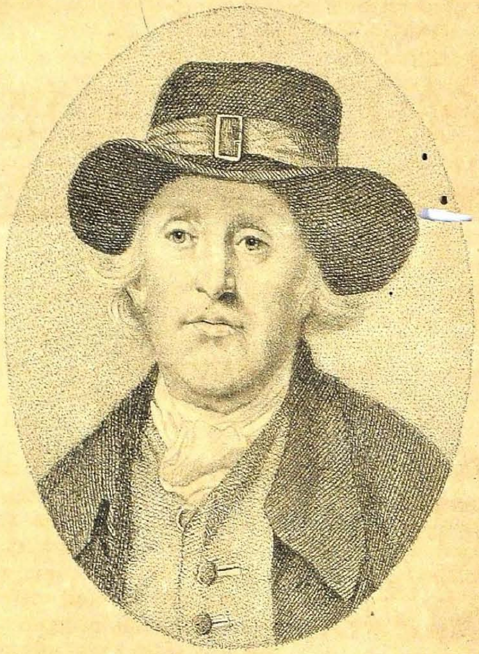
TO THE READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS OF THE SPORTING MAGAZINE.

THE prefent may be confidered as a frefh æra in the publication of the Sporting Magazine; the property being now entirely in the hands of one Perfon, who is bent on rendering it, with the aid of his literary and fporting Friends, worthy of public encouragement.

Touching the contents of the prefent month's Magazine, the articles to be found therein muft fpeak for themfelves. Tatterfall's Life will be continued in feveral of the fucceeding Numbers, not fo much for the fake of relating any thing very extraordinary of the man, as to embrace the tranfactions of the Turf, &c. during his time.

In this place the Proprietor begs leave to acknowledge the handfome and liberal condefcenfion of the Gentleman who gave him permiffion to copy the portrait of Mr. Tatterfall from the mezzotinto print, which print is from the original painting by Mr. Beach.

Several favours of Correfpondents are deferred until next month. That from a Gentleman, complaining of the check to the breeding of horfes, from the extravagant demands for ftallions to cover, fhould recollect, that with ftallions, as with every thing elfe marketable, the beft (or that which is thought the beft) will always fetch the higheft price: Though differing fomewhat in opinion with this Correfpondent, he will, however, find his Obfervations inferted in the prefent Number.



Mr. Tattersall.

Published as the Act directs May 1. 1795. by I. Wheble, Warwick Square, London.

THE

Sporting Magazine

For APRIL, 1795.

Life of Mr. Tattersall.

(Continued from page 285, vol. 5.)

And with the present Number is given a Portrait of him, beautifully engraved, taken from the original picture, painted by Mr. Beach.

IT may be truly ſaid, in one ſenſe, that neceſſity was his beſt friend, for it obliged him to ſelect a buſineſs that required no education or capital with which to conduct it. He has often ſaid, that had he been poſſeſſed of property, he would have been a horſe-dealer, or ſtable-keeper, but in which he could have expected but little ſucceſs, as he was incapable of keeping account-books, and had no judgment in horſes. He knew that it was not neceſſary to be an orator in order to be an auctioneer, and he never attempted a coarſe ſtroke of wit to puff off the ſale. He frequently obſerved, that nothing was more common than the miſapplication of talents. Men ſeek to be eloquent on ſubjects that require only plain narration, and men of education and ſcience neglect the moſt uſeful and profitable employments. It is not leſs true than aſtoniſhing, that there was not a regularly bred farrier in England, until within the laſt four or five years. The cure of horſes—of even the moſt valuable of them, was committed to the moſt unlearned—the moſt ignorant claſs of mankind. A ſhoer and a phyſician of horſes, were convertible terms; and every blackſmith was ſtiled doctor. There was lately living at Newmarket, two of the moſt eminent trainers of race-horſes, who had witneſſed the ignorance and blunders of farriers in innumerable inſtances, and yet each bred a ſon to ſurgery, without recollecting that the profeſſion of a farrier is not leſs uſeful, and infinitely more profitable,

profitable. The one is indeed an eminent professor in the University of Cambridge; the other is in very small practice at Aylesbury, in Buckinghamshire. In France, "they manage these things better." Farriers were there as well educated as surgeons or physicians. We owe to Mr. Sain Bel, lately deceased, a native of that country, the excellent institution of the Veterinary* School in this town, where lectures on every branch of farriery are regularly given by the professors to the pupils, and the diseases of horses cured under the patronage of the nobility and gentry of the kingdom. We have now also to boast of Mr. Moorcroft, at the Horse-Hospital in Oxford Street, one of the most ingenious anatomists in Europe, who was bred in the University of Edinburgh, studied in the London Hospitals, and afterwards attended the seminaries on the Continent with a view of making himself master of all the diseases of horses and other animals. Mr. Tattersall was one of his first friends and warmest patrons. It required no great discernment to see how much might be done in Mr. Moorcroft's line, and he gave him every encouragement to open the spacious hospital where he now carries on the profession of a farrier and blacksmith.† It was at Mr. Tattersall's particular request that he opened a shop for the shoeing of all horses indiscriminately, where that branch of business is now conducted scientifically, and where the shoe is made to fit the foot, instead of paring the hoof, as heretofore, to fit the shoe. Mr. Tattersall pointed out to him the importance of the practical part of shoeing. "It is not enough," said he, "that a person should be able to direct how a horse should be shod; he ought himself to be skilful in the operation. Sir Peter Teazle, one of the best sons of my Highflyer, was pricked in shoeing three days before he run against Dash, when more than forty thousand pounds depended upon the race. It is not material whether he could have beat Dash [illegible] been found*, he ought not to have been lamed by the unskilfulness (to say nothing worse), of an ignorant or careless blacksmith."

Although there were occasional sales by auction, of horses, at the time when Mr. Tattersall commenced his business, yet there was no regular repository, nor fixed sales at stated periods. This was an inconvenience felt by the public, and particularly by those who had studs of race-horses. Mr. Tattersall, who was well known to the gentlemen of the turf, and to the horse-dealers, offered his services as an auctioneer, and solicited their patronage. Lord Grosvenor warmly espoused him, and built for him those extensive and commodious premises at Hyde-park-corner, where he died, and where the business is now carried on by his son, who was for some years in partnership with him. His success was astonishingly rapid, and continued so till the last He soon enlarged the premises, and built stands for carriages, which were sold by

* Veterinarius, a word almost obsolete, signifying a surgeon.

† Mr. Moorcroft assured the writer of this article, that he cleared last year, which was only his second, three thousand pounds.

* Duke of Queensbury's Dash, by Florizel, 6st. 7lb. beat Ld Derby's Sir Peter Teazle, 9st. both four years old, Duke's Course. See English Chronicle, Oct. 1788.

private

private contract; as well as kennels for hounds and other dogs which were ſold by auction. He converted a part of his houſe into a tavern and coffee-houſe, and fitted up two of the moſt elegant rooms in London, for the uſe of the Jockey Club, who held their meetings there for ſome years. He allotted another apartment to the uſe of the *betters*, or, as they are ſometimes called, the *gamblers*. It was ſupported by a ſubſcription of a guinea per annum of each member, and was called the *betting-room*. Here the gentlemen of the turf aſſembled every ſale day to lay wagers on the events of diſtant races, and here they met to pay and receive the money won and loſt at what are called *country races*, in contradiſtinction to the races at Newmarket. His ſales were not confined to Hyde-park-corner; he conſtantly attended the Newmarket meetings, and the races at York, where he had conſiderable employment, and thereby kept up his connexions with the jockeys in different parts of the kingdom, who ſent their horſes to him from every quarter.

His houſe became at length a kind of exchange, and he was the medium by which the lucrative traffic in race-horſes and hounds was carried on, not only in this country, but in Ireland, France, America, and the Weſt India Iſlands. Nothing contributed ſo much to his ſucceſs as his giving credit to his cuſtomers. At other auctions the buyer generally pays a ſum as a depoſit when the lot is knocked down to him, and he is obliged to pay the remainder when it is taken away. But at Tatterſall's, moſt men who were not of a very inferior order, or a diſreputable claſs in life, took away the articles which they bought without making any depoſit at the time of ſale, and afterwards paid the purchaſe-money when it was convenient to them. As he began without a capital, this practice in the earlier ſtages reduced him to ſome inconveniencies, and ſubjected him to conſiderable loſſes. He was obliged frequently to borrow money, and deal in accommodation bills. But as he was a man of frugality and œconomy, as his buſineſs daily increaſed, he obtained credit on the one hand, which enabled him to give it on the other. He had often ſeveral thouſand pounds left in his hands of money ariſing from ſales of horſes, until the noblemen and gentlemen to whom it belonged, had occaſion for it. Gentlemen who ſell, are often obliged to buy horſes; with ſuch he kept a running account, and ſerved as a kind of banker to them. In ſome inſtances the balance was againſt him, but it was generally much in his favour. Thoſe who had large ſtuds to diſpoſe of, found their account in enabling him to give credit. It increaſed the number of bidders, and always enhanced the price of the horſes. A ſimilar cuſtom is now adopted throughout the kingdom. At the foot of the conditions of ſale, we have—"N. B. Six months credit given upon good ſecurity, to all buyers above the value of forty ſhillings."

(To be continued.)

DEATH *of Sir* FRANCIS KINLOCH.

A Letter from Haddington, in Scotland, ſays, that a moſt melancholy and afflicting event has

has happened in that neighbourhood. Major Kinloch, the brother of Sir Francis Kinloch, of Gilmerton, was obſerved for ſome time to be deranged in his ſenſes. His brother, Sir Francis, from affection, would not ſuffer the neceſſary meaſures of conſtraint to be uſed, but truſted that he ſhould be able to calm his frenzy, and to reſtore him to reaſon, or at leaſt to keep the domeſtic calamity from becoming a public topic. The major was extremely violent; he went about the houſe and grounds armed with blunderbuſs and piſtols: threatening every perſon with death who ſtopped his way. On Tueſday night laſt, Sir Francis prevailed on him to retire to his apartment, but at three o'clock in the morning, after he thought all the family were in bed, he quitted his room, and came down ſtairs to ſally out of the houſe; he was met by Sir Francis, who endeavoured to perſuade him to return; the major inſtantly drew a piſtol, and ſhot his brother, who fell, languiſhed till Thurſday afternoon, and then expired. The miſerable maniac (now Sir Gordon Kinloch, as he ſucceeds to the title and eſtate) is a priſoner in Haddington goal, and will be tried for the offence. Sir Francis ſucceeding his father, Sir David Kinloch, only two months ago; he was univerſally reſpected, and his ſad death will be the ſubject of the moſt ſincere regret.

To the Editors *of the* Sporting Magazine.

Gentlemen,

BEING an admirer of your entertaining Magazine, which I conceive not only amuſing, but very beneficial to ſportſmen in general, and therefore think it the duty of every ſportſman to give it his utmoſt ſupport; upon which grounds I beg to communicate the following hint, to which I requeſt your ſerious attention.

The very extravagant ſums which are and have been paid to *ſtallions* for covering, has raiſed the expence of breeding to that enormous height, that I fear, unleſs ſome method is taken to check it, it will ultimately prove the ruin of our breed of horſes. As for inſtance, [illegible] in the ſame county with a noble Earl, whoſe ſtud has ever been conſidered as one of the firſt, if not the firſt, on the turf. This nobleman has at this time five ſtallions at one farm, the loweſt of whom covers at *ten guineas* a mare, and ſome of them at double and treble that ſum. This extravagant price may perhaps be eaſily afforded by the Dukes of Bedford and Grafton, Earls of Egremont, Fitzwilliam, Clermont, and ſome other of the higher members of the Jockey Club; but when the probable chances of your mares proving barren, and that of rearing a foal are conſidered, the expence is ſufficient to deter any perſon of moderate fortune from embarking in ſo hazardous an undertaking, notwithſtanding his wiſhes may be ever ſo ſanguine.

The hint I wiſh to communicate to you, is, whether it would not conduce more to the advantage of ſportſmen, for you to deſiſt from the publication of the pedigrees, &c. of horſes who are dead, and in the ſtead, inſert the names, pedigrees, and performances of ſuch *racers* as will cover this ſeaſon for *one guinea* a mare, and half-a-crown the groom; this I think, might be eaſily done, as every owner of a ſtallion would be

be anxious to have his horse inserted in your Magazine; so that you would, from the Number received, be enabled to make such selections as would, I am confident, give great satisfaction, and be of the utmost utility to the sporting world, as it is well known there are, at this time, many *scores*, not to say *hundreds*, of capital horses, whose *blood*, *bone*, and *beauty*, is equal to that of any of the reigning favourites who, perhaps, from being trained too young, have been broken down, considered as worthless, and consigned to oblivion, and who, if they were but known, would with good mares, unquestionably greatly improve our breed*, and gain a very handsome gratuity for their owners, and yet cover at a price which would enable all persons to breed.

I do not wish you to acquiesce in this request from my single recommendation, but if after publishing this letter, (which I hope you will not fail to do) you should think the public would receive any benefit, you will, I hope, adopt the idea; and such gentlemen, &c. as own stallions, will doubtless favour you with every particular concerning them.

I shall, with your permission, shortly send you another letter, with some hints for the better regulation of races, so as to make them more like the first institution of king's plates, which were intended as a reward and enticement to the breeders of that noble animal, and not for the emolument of Black-legs and Sharpers.

I must apologize for the length of my epistle, and am,

Gentlemen,

Your obedient servant,

A Lover of the Turf.

Bourn Bridge, Cambridgeshire,
April 17th, 1795.

VETERINARY COLLEGE.

Proceedings on this subject in the House of Commons, Friday, April 5, 1795.

MR. SUMMER moved, that the petition of the Veterinary College be referred to the Committee of Supply.

Mr. Powys moved the previous question to give the house a longer consideration upon it.

Mr. Summer then entered into a general statement of the institution, and the advantages resulting from it. He recapitulated all the practical experiments in the army upon gun shot wounds, &c. in horses, on the authority of the Earl of Pembroke, and other officers, whereby he considered it as of material saving to the nation. This was the only country, he observed, without such a useful establishment—France, Spain, Austria, Prussia, Sardinia, all have such. Here only it has been made by the subscriptions of a few individuals, which is consequently inadequate to carry it into proper effect; and yet, even small as their resources have been, they have educated a number of pupils, who have since dispersed themselves and settled in various country towns, to the extension of science and the benefit of the community.

Mr.

---

* Of this we have convincing proofs in the Godolphin Arabian and Old Marsk, both of whom were teazers for many years, and covered at as low a price as half-a guinea, when by accident two blood mares were put to them, viz. Roxana to the Arabian, and Spiletto to Marsk; the former of whom produced that excellent horse Lath, and the latter the celebrated Eclipse.

Mr. Powys explained his intentions for moving the previous question, merely to gain some time for the consideration of the petition, in support of which the documents to him appeared deficient.

Mr. Pitt supported Mr. Summer, and observed, that the aid was at first but for one year, the advantage of which will be demonstrated by the trial.

The petition was referred to the Committee.

LAW REPORT.

COURT OF KING'S BENCH, April 24th, 1795.

Action against a Stake-holder.

DOWLE *v.* NEWTON.

MR. VAUGHAN moved, that the nonsuit which had been obtained in this case might be set aside, and a new trial granted. This action was brought before Mr. Justice Rooke at the assizes, against the defendant, with whom the plaintiff and another person had deposited a sum of money, as a bet which they had laid on a game, that under certain conditions, was intended to be played at foot-ball. The defendant, as stake-holder, had paid this money over, and the plaintiff brought this action against him to recover back his deposit.

The learned Judge being of opinion the bet was illegal, would not permit the conditions, under which the game was to be played, to be given in evidence. He non-suited the plaintiff, with liberty to move this court to set it aside. The learned counsel contended on the part of the plaintiff, that it ought to be set aside, for although it did not appear in evidence that the plaintiff had given notice to the stake-holder not to pay it over, yet he did not pay it over till he had taken an indemnity. Several cases were cited, where under similar circumstances an action had been maintained. Rule granted.

De Heine's Bail.

GODWIN AND CO *v.* DE HEINE AND OTHERS.

Mr. Reader, on the part of De Heine's bail, moved for a rule to shew cause why an *exoneretur* should not be entered on the bail bond, and the bail discharged from their recognizance on paying to the plaintiffs the sum of 1000l. The object of this motion, he said, was that the bail might not be saddled with the costs.

The plaintiffs, at the sittings after last term at Guildhall, brought an action of debt (see a full account of the trial in our Magazine of last month) against De Heine and the other two defendants, who keep a gaming-house in Pall-mall, and where John King, the plaintiff's clerk, lost several thousand pounds of his master's property at play. All the defendants, except De Heine, allowed judgment to go by default. The plaintiffs recovered against him the sum of 1000l. Although De Heine was now out of the kingdom, he had deposited 1000l. in the hands of his bail, in order to indemnify them; and they were now ready to pay over that sum on condition that they were discharged from their recognizance, free of all expence. Rule granted.

A TREA-

A Treatise on Farriery, *with* Anatomical Plates.

(*Continued from page* 296, *of vol.* V.)

THIS takes off the rawness of the water, but is very unsafe, for when the blood and humours have been put in a violent agitation, which distends even the last vessels, the chillness of the water suddenly constringing the vessels, may prevent the progressive motion of the fluids, and cause a stagnation, which will be attended with an inflammation of dangerous consequence. This is not built on theory, but experience; it being well known, that if a dog, or any other animal, drinks cold water while he is very hot, an inflammation of the lungs is produced, which terminates in death. And though a horse is not actually hot at the time when the water is given, yet he cannot be so much come to himself as to make all the fluids return into the usual channel of circulation, and consequently if the minute vessels continue to be distended as above, it will be no wonder that obstructions of the viscera should ensue, if not an inflammation just mentioned.

Formerly, some time before a horse was to run, they used to diet him with bread made of equal parts of beans and wheat, after it was three days old, mixt with his oats; and the nearer the time of running, the greater the allowance; so little were they acquainted with the nature or power of digestion.

However it will be necessary to know when the horse is in health; for if he should be otherwise, it would be no wonder if he should deceive your expectation. Therefore a horse that is found and well, has his dung of a moderate consistence, neither so thin as to run, nor so thick as to come away in small round pellets of a blackish colour; for in this last case you may be sure he has some internal disorder, attended with heat. If it is greasy without purging, it denotes foulness. If red and hard, it is a sign he has been too hard fed, and is the forerunner of costiveness. When it is pale and loose, the horse will be proportionably weak, if not from an error in his diet.

The urine should be of a pale yellow, not very thin, and of a strong smell peculiar to horses. When it is fine, clear, and high coloured, it is a sign of an inflammation or a surfeit. If it is red, like blood, he has been over-ridden. If green, he is inclinable to a consumption: if with streaks of blood, there is an ulcer of the kidneys. When it is black, thick, and cloudy, it portends death.

If a horse sweats when he stands still in the stable, or walks a foot's pace, it is a sign of weakness. If the sweat is frothy, like soap suds, it denotes a clammy sizy blood, and disorders arising therefrom. But if the sweat after exercise appears as if water had been thrown upon him, it is a sign that his blood is in a due temperament, and that he is healthy and strong; especially if his coat is smooth and glossy. When he is actually falling into an acute disease, it may be known by several symptoms of each, which will be mentioned hereafter.

OF BLEEDING, AND WHEN NECESSARY.

It is the common custom, when horses are blooded, to let the blood fall on the ground, by which

which means it is impossible to judge with any exactness, how much is taken away. For whether it is made use of for the prevention or cure of diseases, it is always necessary to know the quantity that a horse ought to lose, because a horse may bleed two or three quarts, and sometimes a pint and a half may be sufficient.

Bleeding is sometimes necessary for the prevention of diseases, for when they are well fed, without sufficient exercise, they must generate too great a quantity of fluids, and then an evacuation of this kind will be proper: because redundance of the blood and humours, which is called a *plethora*, by its resistance weakens the tone and contraction of the heart and arteries, and causes a bad habit of body. Want of exercise must needs diminish all the secretions, and, consequently, many impurities will remain in the blood, which should have been carried off by their proper emunctories, especially by insensible perspiration through the skin. Whence it comes to pass, that if you take blood from such a horse, letting it run into a vessel, there will appear a thick sizy coat on the top, commonly called a stuff coat. When this is the case, bleeding will increase the contraction of the heart and vessels, and restore the suppressed secretions, whereby the impurities of the blood may be carried off. But it must be assisted with motion and exercise, with rubbing and dressing, and then the progressive motion of the blood will be restored, and rendered fit for circulation.

When a horse, through negligence or ignorance, is suffered to continue in this condition till he is attacked by some acute disease, particularly inflammations, it will be next to impossible to restore him to health, without lessening the quantity of blood by repeated venesection. And if at the same time the straight gut is filled with small, hard, round bits of dung, which physicians call scyballs, it will be necessary to empty it with a small hand before any thing is given internally. Bleeding is generally necessary in acute and continual fevers; as also when there is any epidemical fever raging among horses, by way of prevention, but how far it will be necessary after the attack of such a distemper, experience only can determine.

Horses that stand much in the stable, and are well fed, require bleeding now and then, especially when their eyes look heavy, dull, red, or inflamed. Bleeding is necessary for young horses when shedding their teeth, and likewise in all swellings, &c.

Bleeding is necessary in all swellings that have a tendency to imposthumate: but then it must be before the gathering of the matter, which may be known by its fluctuation when pressed by the fingers; for then the best and easiest way will be to dislodge the purulent matter, by opening the abscess when it comes to a head. Bleeding is almost always proper in diseases of the head, such as the vertigo, or staggers, inflammation of the eyes, and pains of the head; as also in pains of the side, colds, falls, bruises, strains by hard riding, hurts and wounds of the eyes, and in all cases where a stagnation of the blood is apprehended; particularly in all inflammations of the internal parts, as the liver, kidney, lungs, intestines or bladder, which never can be produced without a stagnation of blood in the part affected. Some prescribe bleeding

ing when the horse is broken-winded, that is, when he is in the fit of *convulsive asthma*; but this may be doubted because the lungs are not oppressed by a load of blood, as in other asthmas. However there is no danger in the experiment, and if it does not yield relief, it can do no hurt. In disorders of the legs, or beginning of the grease, bleeding may be used by way of revulsion, but then it must be joined with gentle physic, and proper alteratives, otherwise we shall labour in vain. Bleeding, when young horses are shedding their teeth, takes away the feverish heat.

The spring is the properest time to bleed in, that is, when the warmth of the air begins to expand the blood, and cause a turgency of the vessels: and then it is best in the cool of the morning, and the horse should be kept cool all day. When a horse is full of blood and humours, you need not wait for any season, provided the air be clear and serene. As to the age of a horse, it is not so essential with regard to bleeding, as some imagine, if the nature of the disease requires this operation. However, bleeding should never be repeated so often as to render it habitual, for then the omission of it will be dangerous.

When the quantity of the blood is small, attended with weakness, bleeding is dangerous; as also in convulsive fits of all kinds, when the extremities are cold; and in the fit of an intermitting fever. But when there are cramps and contractions of the hind parts, which force the blood with violence to the head then bleeding is convenient. Horses need not always be bled in the neck vein; for when there is any difficulty there they may be bled in the plate vein, or any other large vein, provided the blood runs freely, and in a large stream.

OF LAXATIVES, PURGATIVES, AND CLYSTERS.

Medicines that promote and accelerate the passage of the excrements through the intestinal canal are of two sorts, *laxatives* and *purgatives*. The first operate very gently, without causing any great commotion, or weakening the peristaltic motion of the stomach and intestines. They not only carry off impurities from the stomach and guts, but when they are given in large doses, bring off a large quantity of serum from the glands of the intestines. They are free from an acrid, volatile caustic salt, which drastic purgatives abound with, and which is very offensive to the nerves; but are of an innocent nature, and act by means of a very fine stimulating salt. Those that are principally used are neutral salts, cream of tartar, Epsom salt, Glauber's salt, aloes, and rhubarb.

Purgatives have a more violent operation, and when given in large doses, not only attack the nervous membranes of the stomach and intestines, but the membranes of the whole body, like poison, producing spastic constrictions, violent gripes, frequent stools, inflammations of the stomach and intestines, coldness of the extremities, and convulsions. Some foolishly imagine that these sort of purges act only by stimulating the stomach and guts, but I shewed the absurdity of this before, to which may be added, that if a nurse takes a purge, it will operate upon the child she suckles; that if an ointment be made with coloquin-

tida, and applied to the belly, it will not only purge a child, but an adult. The roſin of jalap often cauſes terrible ſymptoms, not becauſe it is a roſin, for many roſins may be taken ſafely, but becauſe it is of a poiſonous nature; for if it be applied externally to the ſkin, for ſome time, it will burn like a cauſtic. Likewiſe the tincture of jalap and ſcammony ſwallowed alone, will burn the fauces and gullet, and produce burning puſtules.

Hence the danger appears in giving acrid, draſtic purges, inſomuch that a prudent farrier will not give them at all, or with the utmoſt circumſpection, eſpecially ſince ſome of the writers on this art have confeſſed they have had horſes that died under their hands by giving them theſe deleterious drugs. Nothing ſooner dejects the ſtrength, changes the pulſe, hurts and debilitates the ſtomach and guts, than theſe kind of cathartics. Sometimes they bring on a terrible dyſentery, which no means or medicine have power to ſtop. However in ſome caſes we may venture to make uſe of them, as in the dropſy, for then the inteſtinal fibres have a laxity and a torpor, which ſtand in need of a ſtrong ſtimulus, to force them to the performance of the ſalutary excretions. Likewiſe the palſy and ſleepy diſeaſes ſtand in need of ſtrong medicines to excite the languid motion, and to procure a revulſion from the head.

After what has been ſaid, it will be no hard matter to determine when it will be neceſſary to purge a horſe, nor what kind of purges are moſt proper. However, I ſhall lay down ſome general rules for fear of a miſtake. It is very evident that horſes which are full of fleſh and humours from full feeding and want of exerciſe, will ſtand in need of purging after bleeding. This is beſt done in the ſpring, but when there is great occaſion, any other time of the year will do as well; but the more temperate the weather the better. In which caſe it will be proper to give them ſome feeds of ſcalded bran the day before. It is generally twenty-four hours before it operates, and it ſhould be worked off with warm water mixed with a little oatmeal. The doſe of a laxative is generally about twenty times as much for a horſe as for a man; but as for ſtrong purges, I would not adviſe the giving them at all, unleſs in a caſe or two which will hereafter come under conſideration.

Purges, I mean laxatives all along, may be likewiſe proper to prepare horſes for hunting, running, or any laborious exerciſe; as alſo for the worms in common looſeneſſes, in ſwelled limbs, in the yellows or jaundice; in diſeaſes of the eyes and head without a fever; lameneſs that proceeds from bad humours, for thoſe that have humours flying about them, which break out in boils or impoſthumes. When horſes have lameneſſes which often remove from one limb to another, purges ſhould be often repeated, with medicines that thin the blood. Laſtly, in want of appetite, whether from bad provender, too often a repetition of ſcalded bran, full feeding, &c. purging is very proper.

When a horſe is fat and full of fleſh, from high feeding and want of exerciſe, beſides bleeding a week before the purge, his diet ſhould be lowered during that time, eſpecially when they have been pampered for ſale. Likewiſe a few feeds of ſcalded bran

as mentioned before, will open the horse's body, and unload the intestines, which will render the operation of the purge much more certain and easy. However it is observable that all horses are not purged alike with the same quantity of physic, nor the same horse at different times of the year. Half an ounce of fine aloes has sometimes purged a horse, when it was only designed to open his body and no more. Therefore as we can never be sure what will be the consequence, it will be the safest way to give a horse a small dose at first, especially when he is designed to be purged more than once.

An ounce of good succotrine aloes, and a quarter of an ounce of rhubarb, corrected with a dram of ginger, and made into a ball with solutive syrup of roses, is a proper purge for the finest and most delicate horses. Or take of succotrine aloes, and cream of tartar, each one ounce, jalap powdered two or three drams, syrup of buckthorn a sufficient quantity. Some add aromatic oils, and particularly thirty drops of the chemical oil of anniseed, but I think very improperly, for this will, sometimes, prevent the physic from working at all. Let any man try the experiment upon himself with a moderate dose of jalap, and three drops of the oil of cloves, and then if he is purged according to expectation, he will find there is no truth in my observation. Some, instead of rhubarb, order the same quantity of jalap, which indeed is cheaper, but not so elegant and safe, and will want more correction. In this case it will not be improper to add the oil of anniseed.

In some inflammatory cases, when the horse is in a weak and bad condition, I would recommend the following liquid purge, which, though gentle, is both cooling and quick in its operation, and neither heats nor stimulates, and is much preferable to the purging balls, viz. senna leaves two ounces, salt of tartar, half an ounce, infused in a pint of boiling water two or three hours, then strain off and dissolve therein four ounces of purging salts, and the same quantity of cream of tartar. Some horses may require an ounce of tincture of jalap, or two or three drams of powdered jalap to be added thereto. But this recipe is in itself so innocent, that if it does not operate by the bowels, no danger is to be apprehended, as it will work off by urine.

The best time to give a purge is early in the morning in the summer, and about eight in the winter; and then the height of the operation will be about the middle of the next day. All the world knows it should be given fasting; and about three or four hours after it, he may have a feed of scalded bran; when he has eaten that, he may have sweet hay, by a little and a little at a time, as his stomach happens to serve. He may likewise have more scalded bran once or twice the same day; but if he refuses it as being warm, he may have it raw, provided he drinks a sufficient quantity of milk warm water along with it. The water may have a handful of oatmeal mixed with it, or the same quantity of bran squeezed into it. But if he refuses it because it is white, he may have pure water alone.

The next morning betimes he may have another feed of scalded bran, if he will eat it; for if he happens to be sick, which is sometimes the case, he will refuse it.

(To be continued.)

ON

ON HUNTING.

LETTER XIX.

To the EDITORS *of the* SPORTING MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

IN refuming the tafk of further communicating to you what has occurred to me on hunting, I fhall proceed.

Young foxes when they have been much difturbed will lie at ground, and in fuch cafes, the earth fhould be ftopped three or four hours before day-light, or you will find no foxes. The firft day you hunt a cover that is full of foxes, and you want blood, let them not be checked back into the cover, which is the ufual practice at fuch times, but let fome of them get off: if you do not, what with continual changing, and fometimes running the heel, it is probable that you will not kill any. Another precaution, I think, may be alfo neceffary: that is to ftop fuch earths only as you cannot dig.—If fome foxes fhould go to ground, it will be as well; and if you fhould be in want of blood at laft, you will then know where to get it.

It is ufual, when people are not certain of the fteadinefs of their hounds from deer, to find a fox in an adjacent cover, that they may be on their right fcent when they come where deer are. I have my doubts of the propriety of this proceeding: if hounds have not been well awed from deer, it is not fit that they at any rate fhould come among them; but if hounds be tolerably fteady, I had rather find a fox with them amongft deer, than bring them afterwards into covers where deer are. By drawing amongft them, they in fome degree will be awed from the fcent, and poffibly may ftick to the fox, when he is found; but fhould unfteady hounds, when high on their mettle, run into a cover where deer are in plenty, there is no doubt, that the firft check they come to, they will all fall off. I always have found hounds moft inclined to riot, when moft upon their mettle; fuch as are given to fheep will then kill fheep; and fuch as are not quite fteady from deer, will then be moft likely to break off after them. When hounds are encouraged on a fcent, if they lofe that fcent it is then an unfteady hound is ready for any kind of mifchief.

I have already faid, that a huntfman ought never to flog a hound. When a riotous hound, confcious of his offence, may efcape from the whipper-in, and fly to the huntfman, you will fee him put his whole pack into confufion, by endeavouring to chaftife him himfelf. This is the height of abfurdity! Inftead of flogging the hound, he ought to encourage him, who fhould always have fome place to fly to for protection. If the offence be a bad one, let him get off his horfe, and couple up the dog, leaving him to be chaftifed by the whipper-in, after he himfelf is gone on with the pack. The punifhment over, let him again encourage the hound to come to him. Hounds that are riotous in cover, and will not come off readily to the huntfman's halloo, fhould be flogged in the cover, rather than out of it. Treated in this manner, you will not find any difficulty in getting your hounds off, otherwife, they will foon find that the cover will fave them; from whence they will have more fenfe, when they have com-

committed an offence, than to come to receive punishment. A favourite hound, that has acquired a habit of staying back in large covers, had better not be taken into them.

I have been more particular than I otherwise should have been, upon a supposition that your hounds draw ill; however, you need not observe all the cautions I have given, unless your hounds require them.

Some art may be necessary to make the most of the country that you hunt. I would advise you not to draw the covers near your house, while you can find elsewhere; it will make them certain places to find in, when you go out late; or may otherwise be in want of them. For the same reason, I would advise you not to hunt those covers late in the season. They should not be much disturbed after Christmas. Foxes will then resort to them, will breed there, and you can preserve them with little trouble. This relates to the good management of a pack of hounds, which is a business distinct from hunting them.

Though a huntsman ought to be as silent as possible at going into a cover, he cannot be to noisy at coming out of it again; and, if at any time he should turn back suddenly, let him give as much notice of it as he can to his hounds, or he will leave many behind him; and should he turn down the wind, he may see no more of them.

I should be sorry that the silence of my huntsman should proceed from either of the following causes:——A huntsman that I once knew (who, by the bye, I believe is at this time a drummer in a marching regiment) went out one morning so very drunk, that he got off his horse in the midst of a thick cove, laid himself down, and went to sleep. He was lost, nobody knew what was become of him, and he was at last found in the situation I have just described. He had, however, great good luck on his side, for at the very instant he was found, a fox was halloo'd; upon which he mounted his horse, rode desperately, killed his fox handsomely, and was forgiven.

I remember another huntsman silent from a different cause; this was a sulky one. Things did not go on to please him; he therefore alighted from his horse in the middle of a wood, and as quietly as he could, collected his hounds about him; he then took an opportunity, when the coast was clear, to set off silently, and by himself, for another cover. However, his master, who knew his tricks, sent others after him to bring him back; they found him running a fox most merrily, and to his great astonishment they stopped the hounds, and made him go back along with them. This fellow had often been severely beaten, but was stubborn and sulky to the last.

To give you an idea how little some people know of fox-hunting, I must tell you, that not long ago, a gentleman asked me if I did not send people out *the day before*, to find where the foxes lay. I will now proceed to give you my opinion on the casting of hounds.

In a former letter I gave you the opinion of a friend of mine, "*that a pack of fox-hounds, if left entirely to themselves, would never lose a fox.*" I am always sorry when I differ from that gentleman in any thing; yet I am so far from thinking they never

would

wou'd lose a fox, that I doubt much if they would ever kill one.

There are times when hounds should be helped, and at all times they must be kept forward: hounds will naturally tie on a scent, when stopped by sheep, or other impediments; and when they are no longer able to get forward, will oftentimes hunt the old scent back again, if they find that they can hunt no other. It is the judicious encouraging of hounds to hunt, when they can not run, and the preventing them from losing time too much, when they might run, that distinguishes a good sportsman from a bad one*. Hounds that have been well taught, will cast forward to a hedge of their own accord; but you may assure yourself, this excellence is never acquired by such as are left entirely to themselves. To suffer a pack of fox-hounds to hunt through a flock of sheep, when it is easy to make a regular cast round them is, in my judgment, very unnecessary. It is wilfully losing time to no purpose. I have indeed been told, that hounds at no time should be taken off their noses; I shall only say, in answer to this, that a fox hound, who will not bear lifting, is not worth the keeping; and, I will venture to say, it should be made part of his education.

Though I like the fox hounds to cast wide and forward, and dislike to see them pick a cold scent through flocks of sheep to no purpose, yet I must beg leave to observe that I dislike still more to see that unaccountable hurry, which huntsmen will sometimes put themselves into, the moment their hounds are at fault. Time ought always to be allowed them to make their own cast; and if a huntsman be judicious, he will take that opportunity to consider what part he himself has next to act; but instead of this, I have seen hounds hurried away the very instant they came to a fault: a wide cast made, and the hounds at last brought back again to the very place from whence they were so abruptly taken; and where if the huntsman could have had a minute's patience, they would have hit off the scent themselves. It is always great impertinence in a huntsman to pretend to make *his* cast before the hounds have had *theirs*. Prudence should direct him to encourage, and I may say, humour his hounds, in the cast they seem inclined to make; and either to stand still, or trot round with them, as circumstances may require.

I have seen huntsmen make their cast on bad ground, when they might as easily have made it on good. I have seen them suffer their hounds to try in the midst of a flock of sheep, when there was a hedge near where they might have been sure to take the scent; and I have seen a cast made with every hound at their horses heels. When a hound tries for the scent his nose is to the ground: when a huntsman makes a cast, his eye should be on his hounds; and when he sees them spread wide, and try as they ought, his cast may then be quick.

You shall hear from me again in due time.

Your's, &c.

ACASTUS.

* In hunting a pack of hounds, a proper medium should be observed; for though too much help will make them slack, too little will make them tie on the scent, and hunt back the heel.

From the New Comedy of the WHEEL *of* FORTUNE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

(*The Cottage of* Penruddock, *seated in a Group of Trees, with a Forest Scene of Wood and Heath.* Weazel *enters in a travelling dress.*)

Weazel.

WAS ever gentle traveller, since the days of Robinson Crusoe, so put to his shifts as I Timothy Weazel, Attorney at Law? I have lost my guide, my guide has lost himself, and my horse has absconded with bridle, saddle, and all his shoes, save one he left behind him in a slough. I saw a fellow setting springs for woodcocks, and shew'd him signals of distress, but the carle ran off at the sight of me, and vanish'd like a jack-o'lantern. If I understood the language of birds, there is not one within call to answer to a question; the creatures have got wings, and are too wise to stay in such a place.——Hold, hold, I see a hut, or a hovel, or a Laplander's lodge, behind these trees; and here comes one hobling upon two shanks and a crutch, a proper sample of the soil she withers in——Holloa! Dame, do you hear? Give me a word with you, if your senses can afford it.

Dame Dunckley *enters.*

Dame. What would you have with me? What is your business here?

Weazel. You're right, it must be business; nobody would come here for pleasure.

Dame. No, nor is this a house of call for travellers.

Weazel. That I believe, if you are the representative of it: that is, as I may say, *luce clarius.*

Dame. There's no such person here, so you may go your ways, before my master sends you packing.

Weazel. You have a master, have you? Call him out then, and let him direct me in my road to Robert Penruddock, Esquire, and I'll reward him for his pains.

Dame. You'll reward my master! Saucy companion! If Roderick Penruddock is the gentleman you want, you need not go any further—there he lives.

Weazel. There you lie, I believe. Penruddock in that cottage!

Dame. Why not? Will you face me out, who have lived with him these twenty years? And what if it be but a cottage? Content is every thing; my good master is not proud.

Weazle. Melancholy, I should think, if a constant memorandum of mortality can make him so—He was cross'd in love in his younger days.

Dame. That I know nothing of.

Weazel. I don't say you was in the fault of it.

Dame. He is a man of few words, to be sure; but then he has a world of learning in his head; everlastingly at his books.

Weazel. Is he at 'em now?

Dame. Deep, not to be approach'd.

Weazel. And alone?

Dame. To be sure; I never disturb him in his hours of study; at every other time he's kind and gentle as the dew of heaven.

Weazel. What am I to do then, who have come some hundred miles on his business?

Dame. Ev'n what you please, Sir. I'm sure it is no business of mine, and I'll have nothing to do with it. [*Steps aside.*

Weazel. Well, if he will not welcome the good news I bring him,

him, he muſt be a philoſopher, indeed, I'll begin my approaches cautiouſly, however—the door is faſt—I'll touch it tenderly.—— Within there! Whoſe at home? —Silence and famine, I ſhould gueſs, for nothing ſtirs.

Dame. (from aſide.) Go on, go on. By the living, my fine ſpark, I would not be in your place for a little.

Weazel. Not yet? This will never do. Good fortune may be warranted to rap a little louder. —What hoa! Within, I ſay!— Will nobody hear me?

[Penruddock *opens the caſement.*

Penrud. I hear you. What is it you want?

Weazel. With your leave, I want a few words with you.

Penrud. Send 'em in at the window then, and the fewer the better.

Weazel. I bring you news out of Cornwall; news of great conſequence.

Penrud. Who are you, and what are you?

Weazel. Timothy Weazel, of Leſtwithiel, attorney at law, and agent to Sir George Penruddock; let me into your houſe.

Penrud. Keep on the outſide of it, if you pleaſe; I'll deal with you in the open air.

[*Shuts the caſement.*

Weazel. Here's a ſurly humor; here's a pretty freak of Fortune, to pile bags of money on the back of an aſs, who only kicks againſt the burthen; I warrant, if the ſky rained gold, this churl would not hold out his diſh to catch it; but we ſhall ſoon ſee what ſtuff his philoſophy is made of; good chance if I don't ſhake his metaphyſics out of him 'ere long. O, ho! I've bolted him, however.— Zooks! what a heathen philoſopher it is.

Penruddock *appears.*

Penrud. Now, Mr. Attorney! what have you to ſay, for thus diſturbing my whole family? What have I done, or the poor cat, my peaceable companion, that thus the boiſterous knuckles of the law ſhou'd mar our meditations.

Weazel. Truly Sir, I was compell'd to make ſome little noiſe; your caſtle is but ſmall.—

Penrud. It's big enough for my ambition.

Weazel. And paſſing ſolitary.

Penrud. I wiſh you had ſuffer'd it to be ſilent too.

Weazel. In faith, Sir, if I knew how to be heard without a ſound, I would gratify your wiſh; but if your ſilence ſuffers by my news, I hope your happineſs will not.

Penrud. Happineſs! What's that? I am content, I enjoy tranquility; Heaven be thank'd, I have nothing to do with happineſs.

Weazel. There you are beyond me, Sir. If an humble fortune, and this poor cottage give you content, perhaps great riches and a ſplendid houſe would not add to it.

Penrud. Explain your meaning, friend; I dont't underſtand you.

Weazel. In plain words, then, you are to know, that your rich relation, Sir George Penruddock is deceaſed.

Penrud. Dead!

Weazel. Defunct; gone to his anceſtors; whipp'd away by the ſudden ſtroke of an apoplexy; this moment here, Heaven knows where the next: Death will do it when he likes, and how he likes; I need not remind you, Sir, who are ſo learned a philoſopher, how frail the tenure of mortality.

Penrud. You need not, indeed. If Sir George Penruddock thought as ſeriouſly of death before it happened, it may have been well for him;

him; but his thoughts, I fear, were otherwise employed.

Weazel. I much doubt if he ever thought at all; he was a fine gentleman, and liv'd freely.

Penrud. No wonder then he died suddenly—but how does this apply to me?

Weazel. No otherwise then as you are the heir of every thing he possessed: I have the will in safe keeping about me.

Penrud. Have patience; this is somewhat sudden; I am unprepar'd for such an event; 'twas never in my contemplation: I was in no habits with Sir George; never courted him; never corresponded with him; the small annuity, 'tis true, on which I have subsisted, was charg'd on his estate, and regularly paid, but here he never came; man cou'd not be more opposite to man; he worshipp'd Fortune; I despis'd her; I studied closely, he gam'd incessantly——

Weazel. And won abundantly—if money be your passion, you'll find plenty of it.

Penrud. What shou'd I do with money?

Weazel. Money indeed!—why money is—in short, what is it not?

Penrud Not health methinks, not life—for he that had it, died.

Weazel. But you that have it, live—and is there nothing that can tempt you? Recollect—books—money will buy books; nay more, it will buy those who write them.

Penrud. It will so.

Weazel. 'Twill purchase panegyrics, odes, and dedications—

Penrud. I ca'nt gainsay it.

Weazel. House, table, equipage, attendants—

Penrud. I have all those: what else?

Weazel. Ah, Sir, you surely can't forget there are such things in this world as beauty, love irresistible woman——

[*Dame* Dunckley *crosses the stage.*

Penrud. I keep a woman; she visits me every day, makes my bed, sweeps my house, cooks my dinner, and is seventy years of age—yet I resist her.

Weazel. I cou'd say something to that, but I am afraid it will offend you?

Penrud. Say on boldly; never fear me.

Weazel. Why truly, Sir, I find you of a very different temper from what I expected: I should doubt if your philosophy has made you insensible; I am sure it has not made you proud.

Penrud. I am as proud in my nature as any man ought to be, but surely as humble as any man can be.

Weazel. Suffer me then to ask you, if there is not a certain lady living, Arabella Woodville by name, whom you once thought irresistible, and who even now, perhaps, might put your philosophy to a harder trial than the old dame of seventy, who does the drudgery of your cottage.

Penrud. Who told you this? how came you thus to strike upon a name, that twenty years of solitude have not effac'd.

Weazel. Because I wou'd prepare you for a task, that with the fortune you inherit must devolve upon you. The interests of this lady, perhaps, even her existence, are now in your hands. When I shall deliver the deeds bequeath'd to you by your cousin, I shall arm you with the means of extinguishing the wretched Woodville at a blow.

Penrud. What is it you tell me? Have a care how you reverse my nature with a word. Woodville in my power! Woodville at my mercy!

mercy! If there's a man on earth, that can inspire me with revenge, it is that treacherous, base, deceitful rival. I was in his power, for I lov'd him—he betray'd me; I was at his mercy, for I trusted him—he destroy'd me.

Weazel. Now then you'll own that money can give something, for it gives revenge.

Penrud. Come on; my mind is made up to this fortune; to the extremest atom I'll exact it all: the miser's passion seizes on my heart, and money, which I held as dirt, is now my deity.

ACT III.

(*A Saloon in the House of Sir* George Penruddock—*A number of Upper Servants in Mourning.* Weazel *enters, and addresses them with much ceremony.*)

Weazel. Gentlemen of the second table! Chiefs of the lower regions! I am your very humble servant. I condole with you on our general loss: your late worthy master has paid the debt of nature; poor Sir George is no more; but you that are serious reflecting men, that weigh these natural events, and know that Death (as the great poet sings) *will come when he will come.*

Jenkins. Truly, Sir, and all our wonder is, he did not come before, seeing what pains Sir George took to quicken him.

Weazel. Aptly remark'd, most worthy Sir, and I am greatly edified to see that you have put yourselves in mourning; 'tis somewhat premature, perhaps, seeing the deceas'd is not yet interr'd, but it is a tribute of gratitude to your old master, and an earnest of respect to your new one.

2d Serv. Of the past we have nothing to complain; of the present we are a little doubtful.

Weazel, You speak like sage experienc'd men, well vers'd in all the dues and perquisites of service. I have my doubts, like you; Penruddock, I shou'd fear, may be too much of a philosopher for your purposes, and you, perhaps, not quite enough for his.

Jenkins. We can't live without our comforts, Mr. Weazel.

Weazel. And fit it is that you shou'd have them——You, Mr. Jenkins, I well know are a man of taste, and have your little gentlemanly recreations—a stable at Epsom, with a bit of blood, that gives you the fresh air upon the Downs; another bit of blood in the commodious purlieus of Marybone, which sooths your softer hours: I doubt if this philosopher's wages would buy bodycloaths for either.—In short, my good friends, I much suspect the golden age with all of us is past, the iron coming on.

3d Serv. Well, Sir, we shall see: report speaks strangely of the gentleman, to be sure. When may we look for his arrival?

Weazel. Momentarily.—I perceive you have a whole battalion of livery servants drawn up in the outer hall.

Jenkins. We thought it for the credit of the establishment to have them all in attendance, and full livery. Does the gentleman bring any of his own domestics with him

Weazel. Not many

Jenkins. Let him come as strong as he will, we have provided; he will find a very handsome dinner, and a well-furnish'd sideboard.

Weazel. 'Twill be a novelty at least.

Jenkins. We have some very pretty wenches in the house; Sir George was very particular in that way.

Weazel.

Weazel. And you, Mr. Jenkins, are no mean authority; but Mr. Roderick's taste seems to lie mostly towards old women of seventy.

4th Serv. Pray Sir, with what equipage does he travel hither?

Weazel. With one of Nature's providing.—Hey-day! what's a coming now.

A party of livery servants rush in.

Livery Serv. No offence to you, Mr. Weazel, but we wou'd fain know what lay we are to be upon; and whether the strange gentleman will be agreeable to allow us for bags, canes, and nosegays.

Weazel. Bags you must wear, the graces of your persons claim them; canes you shall have, your merits will bespeak them; and as for nosegays, gentlemen, it is so modest a request, that even the hangman furnishes them to his clients.—But hark, your master is arrived.

LAWS *of the* GAME *of* QUADRILLE.

(Continued from page 304 of Vol. V.)

17. HE who has separated a card from his hand, and has shewn it, is obliged to play it; if by not doing it, the game may be prejudiced; or if it can give any information to his friend; especially if it should be a matador. He that plays sans prendre, is not subject to this law: nor he who calls himself, plays alone.

18. He who has none of the suit led, is not obliged to trump, nor to play a higher card, in that suit, if he has it.

19. It is permitted to turn the tricks of the other players, in order to see what has been played.

20. You are not to turn the tricks, or count aloud what has been played, but when you are to play; as each player should count his own game.

21. He, who instead of turning the tricks of one of the players, turns and sees his game; is beasted together with him whose cards he has turned, each paying one half of the beast.

22. He who renounces is beasted as often as he renounces, if it is discovered in the play; but if the deal is finished, and the cards are mixed, he makes but one beast, though he should have renounced several times.

23. To make a renounce, the trick must be turned: or he that renounced, must have played a card for the next trick; otherwise he may take it up without any penalty.

24. If the renounce is prejudicial to the game, and the deal is not finished, the cards may be taken up, and played over again, from that trick where the renounce was made; but if the deal is finished they cannot be played over again.

25. He who having asked what is trumps, shall trump in that suit which is named, although it is not trumps, is not beasted.

26. He who trumps in a suit that is not trumps, without having asked what is trumps, and has turned the trick, is beasted.

27. He who shews his hand before the game is won, is beasted, unless he plays sans prendre, or alone.

28. Several beasts made in the same deal go together, unless it is otherwise agreed.

29. The greatest beast always goes first.

30. The three matadors cannot be forced by an inferior trump.

31. The superior matador does not force the inferior, if it is played on any inferior trump, that was first led.

33. The

33. The matadors, and the ſans prendre cannot be demanded after the cards are cut for the next deal, unleſs by deſign the cards are ſhuffled and cut ſo haſtily, that there was not time to demand them; in which caſe, if there is nothing received for the game and the conſolation, by any of the players; the player has a right to demand the ſans prendre and the matadors, with the game that is due to him; but if it is he himſelf that has cut or dealt the cards, he cannot recover them.

34. If he who plays ſans prendre with the matadors, demand one, without demanding the other, there is no more due to him than he demands.

35. He who demands the matadors which he has not, inſtead of demanding the ſans prendre; or he who demands the ſans prendre inſtead of the matadors, cannot inſiſt on being paid what is really due to him; for this game requires a preciſe explanation. He who plays with calling is not included in this diſtinction.

36. If any one of the two players has been paid the matadors, the other has a right to be paid them, though he has not demanded them.

37. The matadors are not paid but when they are in the hands of thoſe who ſtand the game, together or ſeparately.

38. He who plays ſans prendre is obliged to name his ſuit, although he has a ſure game.

39. The game, the ſtake, the conſolation, and the beaſts are not confined, for they may be demanded ſeveral deals afterwards.

40. No miſtakes that have been made in counting the beaſts, can be recalled, after the next deal to that in which they were drawn.

41. He, or they, who ſtand the game, and win all the tricks, are paid what is agreed on for the vole.

42. The vole does not draw the beaſts, which do not go upon the game.

43. He who does not make the vole, when he has undertaken it, pays what he would have received, if he had won it.

44. The vole is undertaken, when after making the firſt ſix tricks, whether the game is played alone, or by calling a king, a card is played for the ſeventh trick.

45. When the vole is once undertaken, it cannot be declined.

46. He who ſpeaks in the play to encourage his friend, cannot pretend to the vole.

47. He who ſays any thing to make him decline it, is to be beaſted.

48. It is not permitted to inform your friend who is to play, that you have ſix tricks.

49. They who defend the poule cannot communicate their game to each other, though the vole is undertaken; and neither the one or the other ought to ſay any thing that may intereſt the game.

50. He who has been forced to play with ſpadil, cannot pretend to the vole.

51. The vole cannot be undertaken before the king called has appeared.

52. If the king called, has not appeared, you may play on to the laſt card, without incurring the penalty for miſſing the vole.

53. They who make the vole, without having ſhewn the king, ſhall not be paid for it, although the queen has been played, and has won a trick; as it may happen, that he who has the king, has won by miſtake, or being willing to make the impaſſe; the queen not denoting the king.

54. They

54. They who having undertaken the vole do not make it, win nevertheleſs the game, the ſtake, and the beaſts, if there are any that go on the game, and are paid the game, the conſolation and the matadors, if they have them, as well as the ſans prendre.

55. They who admit the contre at Quadrille, give it the preference in play, to him who being eldeſt hand, offers to play ſans prendre.

56. He, who playing ſans prendre, goes for the vole, and loſes it, pays to each one what is due for the vole; and is not paid either the ſans prendre, or the matadors, if he has them, or even the conſolation or the game, nor does he draw the ſtake; but he is not beaſted, unleſs he loſes the game; for in that caſe, beſides the vole, he is to pay to every player what is due for the game, and is beaſted what is on the game.

57. He who ſtands the game, and does not make three tricks, or four, as is agreed, is beaſted alone, and pays alone all that is to be paid. And if he makes no trick, he pays beſides to his two adverſaries, what is due for the vole, but not to his friend, leaſt that advantage ſhould induce the friend to play againſt him, inſtead of ſupporting him, when the game is deſperate.

58. When you play the roi rendu, he that receives him, is obliged to make ſix tricks alone to win; for the reſt, he wins or or loſes for himſelf alone.

59. If any player refuſes to finiſh the party he has begun, he muſt pay all that is loſt upon the game; and the cards.

60. But if it is to attend ſome affair of importance, the party may be put off, by making a minute of the ſtate of the game, with the conſent of the other players.

(To be continued.)

FISHING *in* CHINA.

With the extraordinary mode of employing Birds in catching Fiſh in the Green River; from ANDERSON's *Narrative of the Earl* MACARTNEY's *Embaſſy to China, juſt publiſhed.*

IN the lakes and large rivers they frequently uſe the kind of baited lines which are employed on board ſhips to catch fiſh in the ſea. In other parts they uſe nets of the ſame kind, and in the ſame manner as the fiſhermen in Europe. In ſome places they erect tall bamboo ſtalks in the water, on which they ſpread a curtain of ſtrong gauze, which they extend acroſs certain channels of the rivers, and ſometimes, where there is an opportunity, acroſs the rivers themſelves; this contrivance effectually intercepts the paſſage of the fiſh, which, from the baits thrown in, or attached to the gauze, are brought there in ſhoals; great numbers of boats then reſort to theſe places, and the fiſhermen are ſeen to employ their nets with great ſucceſs.

It appeared, however, on enquiry, that the rights of fiſhery are as ſtrenuouſly exerted in China, as in our own country: for we were informed, that none of theſe arts to get fiſh were employed but for the mandarin who poſſeſſed the ſhores of that part of the river, or by thoſe who paid a rent for that privilege.

The fiſh caught in the rivers which we have navigated, conſiſt chiefly of a kind of whiting, and very fine trout, of an excellent quality and flavour; and they are ſo

so abundant, that though the fishermen are so numerous, and the demand so great from the junks, the former gain a very good livelihood, and the latter are well supplied with a food which the crew of them are said to prefer.

But the most extraordinary mode of fishing in this country, and which, I believe, is peculiar to it, is by birds trained for that purpose. Nor are hawks, when employed in the air, or hounds, when following a scent on the earth, more sagacious in the pursuit of their prey, or more certain in obtaining it, than these birds in another element. They are called Looau, and are to be found, as I am informed, in no other country than that in which we saw them. They are about the size of a goose, with grey plumage, webbed feet, and have a long and very slender bill, that is crooked at the point. This extraordinary and aquatic fowl, when in its wild state, has nothing uncommon in its appearance, nor does it differ from other birds whom nature has appointed to live on the water. It makes its nest among the reeds of the shore, or in the hollows of crags, or where an island offers it shelter and protection. Its faculty of diving, or remaining under water, is not more extraordinary than many other fowl that prey upon fish; but the most wonderful circumstance, and I feel as if I were almost risking my credibility while I relate it, is the docility of these birds in employing their natural instinctive powers, at the command of the fishermen who possess them, in the same manner as the hound, the spaniel, or the pointer, submit their respective sagacity to the huntsman or the gunner.

The number of these birds in a boat are proportioned to the size of it. At a certain signal they rush into the water, and dive after the fish; and the moment they have seized the prey, they fly with it to their boat; and though there are an hundred of these vessels in the fleet, these sagacious birds always return to their own masters, and amidst the throng of fishing junks which are sometimes assembled on these occasions, they never fail to distinguish that to which they belong. When the fish are in great plenty, these astonishing and industrious purveyors will soon fill a boat with them; and will sometimes be seen flying along with a fish of such size, as to make the beholder, who is unaccustomed to these sights, suspect his organs of vision; it has been so repeatedly asserted to me, as to prevent any doubt of the information, that, from their extraordinary docility and sagacity, when one of them happens to have taken a fish which is too bulky for the management of a single fowl, the rest will immediately afford their assistance. But while they are thus labouring for their masters, they are prevented from paying any attention to themselves, by a ring which is passed round their necks, and is so contrived as to frustrate any attempt to swallow the least morsel of what they take.

We also saw another fishing party, which, though it had more of ridicule than curiosity in it, I cannot forbear to describe. It consisted of at least thirty fishermen seated like so many taylors on a wide board, supported by props in the river, where they were angling. There was another groupe of these people near the shore, who had embanked a part

part of the river with sand, where by raking the bottom with a kind of shovel, they caught large quantities of shrimps, and other shell fish.

Anecdotes *of eminent* Chess Players.

(Concluded from page 226, vol. 5.)

THE earliest account we have of persons playing at Chess, without seeing the board, is given by *Giovanni Villani*, who says in the seventh book of his history of Florence, as quoted by Gustavus Selenus Duke of Lunenburg, "In those times, in the year of Christ 1266, there came to Florence a Saracen, named *Buzecca*, a very great master of chess-playing; and in the palace *del Popolo*, before Count *Guido Navello*, he played at one time at three chess-boards, with the best chess-masters in Florence, playing at two by memory, and with the third by sight; and two games he won, and the third he made a drawn game (by a perpetual check), which circumstance was esteemed marvellous." *Sarasin* has likewise quoted this passage.

In the preface to *Salvio's* book on Chess, the Editor writes, "the author was a first-rate chess-player, as appeared by his playing from memory; and also by his new invention of playing blindfold, without either seeing or being told the moves, but only by feeling the pieces."

This, Dr. Allandro Salvio has entitled the third book, *Apologia contra Pietro Carrera*, who ha , it seems, in his treatise, mentioned a person who played at chess blindfold, without naming him. This was *Salvio* himself, of whose book *Carrera* was already in possession. *Carrera* says, that *Zerone*, *Medrano*, and *Ruy Lopez* (all Spaniards), and *Mangolino* of Florence, anno 1400, played from memory; as did likewise *Paoli Boi*, of Syracusa, with three chess-boards.

Keysler, in his account of *Turin* in 1749, says, "the late Father *Sacchieri* of Turin, was a remarkable instance of the strength of human understanding, particularly that faculty of the soul we term memory. He could play at chess with three different persons at the same time, even without seeing any one of the chess-boards. He required no more than that his substitute should tell him what piece his antagonist had moved, and *Sacchieri* could direct what step was to be taken on his side, holding at the same time conversation with the company present. If any dispute arose about the place where any piece should be, he could tell every move that had been made, not only by himself, but by his antagonist from the beginning of the game, and in this manner incontestibly decide the proper place of the piece. This uncommon dexterity at the game of chess, appears to me almost the greatest instance that can be produced of a surprising memory."

Verci, says, "Father *Sacchieri*, lecturer of mathematics in Pavia, played to perfection on four chess-boards at the same time."

Estienne Pasquier, in a book treating of chess, printed at Paris 1633, says, "I can tell you of seeing a native of Lyons, in playing at chess, take of all the pieces of honour, and keep only the king with his pawns; with which, playing twice for once, he obtained the victory over very good players. I saw him put a ring on a pawn, and undertake not to make the king but with that pawn; another time, advance farther, and place a ring on one of

of his adversary's pawns, promising that he would force his adversary to mate him with that pawn; and in the one and the other game, obtain the victory for his opinion, against a man who was not classed in the rank of inferior players."

Don *Pietro Carrera*, in 1617, published an historical account of chess and chess-players. Among the celebrated players, he mentions *Paoli Boi*, of whom he tells the following story:—At Venice he once played with a celebrated player, and lost every game: upon reflection, finding that he ought reasonably to have won, he was astonished, and suspecting his adversary had used some secret art, whereby he was prevented from seeing the games clearly, and has he was very devout, and was possessed of a rosary with relics of great saints, he resolved to play again with his antagonist, which he did, not only armed with his beads and bones, but also strengthened by having previously received the sacrament. By these means he conquered his enemy, who after his defeat, said to him these very words, "Thine is more potent than mine."

Talvio says of this *Boi*, that he played with Leonardo da Cutri, and was little inferior to him in skill: he embarked at Barcelona, was taken by a corsair, and sold at Algiers for a slave. His master discovering his abilities in chess, won considerable sums by his means, and gave him his liberty, and a thousand sequins. He returned to Naples, and was there poisoned by his servant in 1598, at the age of 70, for the sake of his money.

Carrera adds, that *Boi* played at chess with Sebastian, King of Portugal; he kneeling with one knee on a cushion, and the king standing.

Bayle, in his dictionary, gives the following account of him: "Boi, commonly called the Syracusan, was a very famous player at chess, and very much considered in the Court of Spain under King Philip II. He received many fine presents from that prince. He received also many from Pope Urban VIII. and it was his own fault that he did not receive a good bishopric of him, for it was offered him, but he would not be a clergyman.* Having had the misfortune to be taken by corsairs, and to see himself reduced to slavery, he found means to make these Turkish and savage men tractable by his skill at chess. They admired him for it, treated him civilly, and exacted no other ransom from him, but the lessons he gave them for some months on that game."

Errante del Salvio wrote a book on chess, which was published at Naples, 1634, containing an historical account of the game and players. The hero of this book is *Leonardo* of Cutri. From the particulars of his life the following are taken: "During the pontificate of Gregory XIII. Leonardo was at Rome, studying the law, but he attended much more to the study of chess, in which game he was so skilful, that though very young, he conquered all the best players; and it was on account of his youth, that he was generally known by the appellation of *il Puttino*, the boy. It now happened that Ruy Lopez, an ecclesiastic of Zafra, a man of letters, and at that time the first chess-player in Europe, came to Rome to solicit the Pope for a benefice, which was then become vacant at the court of Philip II.

* What an abuse! and what a fine way to attain to episcopacy!

of

of Spain: this was about the year 1574.

"Having heard of Leonardo's fame, he sought his acquaintance, played with him and conquered him two following days, which vexed the young man so much, that he immediately went to Naples, where he remained two years studying and practising chess. From thence he returned to his native place, Cutri in Calabria, where he learnt that his brother had been taken by corsairs, and chained to the oar. Leonardo set out to ransom him, and agreed with the Reis or captain of the galley, that he should be set at liberty for two hundred crowns. Leonardo having discovered that the Reis was a chess-player, played with him, and won his brother's ransom and two hundred crowns besides, with which he returned to Naples: from thence he sailed to Genoa, Marseille, and Barcelona, playing with and conquering all he met, and then travelled to Madrid, where he soon revenged himself on Ruy Lopez, by beating him at chess, in the presence of Philip II. This king gave him afterwards a thousand crowns, and many jewels, furs, &c. Leonardo then went to Lisbon, where he beat a famous player named *il Moro*, (though not a black). The king loaded him with presents, and gave him the title of knight-errant. He returned to Madrid, from thence to Naples, and after revisiting Cutri, he was poisoned by some envious persons in the palace of Prince Bissignano, in Calabria, and died in the forty-sixth year of his age."

Bayle, in his dictionary, gives the following account of *Greco*: "*Giachino Greco*, known under the name of the Calabrian, played at chess so skilfully, that it cannot be thought strange that I consecrate to him a little article. All those who excel in their profession to a certain degree, deserve that distinction. This gamester did not find his match any where. He went to all the courts of Europe, and signalized himself at chess in a most surprising manner. He found famous gamesters at the court of France, such as the Duke of Nemours, Mr. Arnaud, Chaumont, and La Salle: But though they pretended to know more than others, none of them were able to play with him, nor could they cope with him all together. He was at chess a bravo, who fought in all countries some famous knight, with whom he might fight and break a lance, and he found none whom he did not overcome."

From the introduction to Alexander Cunningham's history of Great-Britain, I have selected the following passages, which are relative to Mr. Alexander Cunningham, the critic and commentator on Virgil and Horace, and not to this historian, if they were two distinct persons.

"Mr. Cunningham, in the latter part of his life, when he was but little seen in the higher circles, dedicated himself entirely to study, learned society, and the game of chess.

"Dr. Stuart often used to play with him at Lord Islay's, at the game of chess, which he understood better than any man in England in his time.

"Mr. Cunningham was domesticated with Lord Sunderland and the Duke of Argyle, and was no less acceptable as an eminent player at chess, than as a critic and a man of general knowledge and information.

"When Lord Sunderland was at the Hague, he contracted a particular

particular intimacy with Mr. Cunningham, as they were both remarkable chess-players. Whenever his lordship was at leisure, he either drove to Cunningham's lodgings, which were at some distance, or sent his carriage for him. After playing for a course of time, Lord Sunderland discovered that he who was jolted in the carriage before they sat down, was always sure to lose every game; for which reason he gave over going to Cunningham's, but always sent for him, and always beat him, to his no small astonishment, as he was conscious he understood the game as well as his adversary. At last, when he was very much out of humour, Lord Sunderland told him the trick, and Cunningham insisted that they should drive to each other's alternately, which confirmed his lordship's observation, and restored Cunningham to his former level, for from that time they won and lost alternately.

"This fact, which appears not at all incredible, (for the streets of the Hague were not in the last century so smooth as those of London are at present) proves how nicely the capacities of Sunderland and Cunningham were balanced against each other*.

"While Mr. Cunningham resided at the Hague, a German Prince hearing of our author's great skill in the game of chess, came to that city, with a view of playing with him at that truly noble amusement. The Prince, whose name is not mentioned, informed Mr. Cunningham, by a note, of his purpose of coming to the Hague. Mr. Ogilvie, Laird of Cluny, (a Scotch gentleman in the Dutch service, who passed with many for little better than an ingenious madman) happened to be with Mr. Cunningham when he received the note, to whom he said "that he did not chuse to risk his reputation, for the knowledge of the game of chess, with a person whom he did not know, and wished that Cluny would go and play a game or two with the Prince, in the character of one of Mr. Cunningham's disciples." Cluny agreed to go; and Mr. Cunningham is said to have written to the Prince to this purpose: That although he had the honour of receiving his highness's invitation to play a game of chess with him, he could not accept of that honour, as business of a particular nature would not permit him at that time: but rather than his highness should be disappointed, he had sent one of his scholars to give him some entertainment that evening; and that if his scholar should be beaten, he would do himself the honour of waiting on him (the Prince) the next day, and would play with him as many games as he should chuse. Cluny accordingly went, and beat the Prince every game. Early next morning, the Prince left the Hague, sensible that if he was shamefully defeated by the scholar, he had, if possible, less chance of success with the master. It is a fact that may be depended on, that Mr. Cunningham and Cluny never played so much as a single game at chess during their whole lives; and that Mr. Cunningham was esteemed a much better player than Cluny. Mr. Cunningham died in Scotland, in 1732, aged above eighty years."

The following anecdote is recorded of the Earl of Stair: "Colonel Stewart, his aid-de camp,

* The writer of these paragraphs must think that the head of a chess-player, before he plays, must be moved as carefully as a bottle of old port, before it is decanted.

camp, who used frequently to play at chess with his lordship, who was very fond of the game, but an unexpected check-mate used to put his lordship in such a passion, that he was ready to throw a candlestick, or any thing that was near him, at his adversary; for which reason, the Colonel always took care to be on his feet, to fly to the farthest corner of the room when he said "Checkmate my lord!"

For the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

On the MIGRATION *of* FISHES, *In a Letter from General* LINCOLN *to Mr.* BELKNAP.

(From the Third Volume of Belknap's History of New Hampshire.

(Concluded from page 321, *of vol.* V.)

"IT will be acknowledged that there can exist but a certain number only of fish in any given space; was not this the case, as they are so prolific in their nature, they would, from their natural increase, soon so multiply, as that the world, if I may be allowed the expression, would not contain them.

"On the banks there appears nearly as many fish as ever, notwithstanding the great numbers annually taken. The grand bank was, three years ago, manifestly overstocked; there were more fish on it than could find support; those taken were evidently on the decline; they were very thin, the substance tender; it could not be hardened and preserved by salt; many of them would yield before the knife in splitting, and fall to pieces before they could be conveyed to the flakes. The cause is not known; probably the spawns of that season were better preserved than they had usually been.

"Were those restraining laws of nature, which now confine the different schulls of fish to their own limits, thrown down, and all could wander without controul, there would be the most imminent danger of a total destruction of nearly the whole kind, as well in the rivers as on the banks; for, as was said before, there can but a certain number exist in a given space.

"Permit me farther to request, in support of the doctrine advanced, an attention to that system and order so conspicuous in the operations of nature, and the great regularity preserved among the things of creation, animate and inanimate, by that wisdom which made and governs the world.

"Let us take a view of the different nations dispersed over the face of the earth, by him who originally fixed bounds to the habitations of men, and as a restraint to them, and that each tribe should retain its own limits, he gave to each nation a different language: we find the different nations and tribes, though possessing very different climates, and if we were to judge, enjoying the means of different degrees of happiness, severally tenacious of the limits assigned them; and where a God is acknowledged, they very sincerely and universally thank him that they are favoured above their fellow men.

"Was it not for the superintending care, and the influence of the Governor of the universe, who scatters in the paths of men such motives as fall with weight and conviction on their minds, and lead them to prefer their climate above any other, no inhabitants would be found in the burn-

burning sands under the torrid, nor on the frozen cragged mountains under the frigid zone. We find however, under each, multitudes of people, who are so fitted for their respective situations, that they are not only happy, but are really partial to the place assigned them, and envy not the dominion of others, and seldom or never invade them, but from motives of avarice, pride, and ambition.

"We find that the people who inhabited the American shores on the first discovery of them, were divided into little kingdoms or tribes, each speaking a different language, and were enemies one to the other; hence they were preserved from famine and want, for they depended principally upon the spontaneous growth of the earth, and upon fishing and hunting for their support. Whatever kept them asunder was an act of mercy; with their ideas, they could not have lived compactly; ruin must have been the necessary consequence of the attempt.

"What short of that influence, necessary to preserve the natural order of things, could have prevented mankind from abandoning the more inhospitable parts of the globe, running together and uniting in climes the most friendly and pleasant, and much the greater part of them becoming thereby their own executioners. Although from an high cultivation of the earth, food may be drawn for a great multitude of people, yet population cannot exceed certain bounds; whenever that takes place, the salubrity of the air is destroyed, contagion rages, the people sicken and die.

"Let me now point you to the birds of passage, and ask that you would permit your ideas to follow them in their flight from south to north, in spring, and from north to south, in autumn; and you will find that they are annually pointed to the same objects, and are as constant in their flight, and as regular in their course, as are the seasons. We may, at a particular time of the year, trace the swallow into its hiding place, and the robin and the lark to the forests, where they retire for shelter from the inclemency of an approaching winter, and see them in the morning of spring returning to the same habitations and branches, and often to the same nests they occupied before, and which from necessity they had abandoned. Different fowls, natives of different climes, are so fitted to their native air, that many of them cannot exist out of it.

"The rattle-snake, the most poisonous reptile in this part of the country, is circumscribed in his limits, and cannot exist beyond a certain degree of northern latitude, nor can he be transported across the Atlantic. By what laws in nature he is restrained we know not; that he is restrained is a fact, and is not known in one part of this commonwealth, while much dreaded in another. The same restraint lies on different reptiles in the southern states; and though one part are in a degree endangered by them, yet others are perfectly free from their poisonous stings. These animals, necessary on the whole, as are the flies, which multiply in proportion to the impurity of the air by which they are surrounded, make a part of the great whole, and have I doubt not, a benevolent commission, in the execution of which the happiness of man is materially concerned.

"Beasts

"Beasts of the most ferocious kind, necessary in the chain, are peculiar to certain climates, and are the least dreaded where most known; a belief that they will not exceed the limits assigned them, prevents them giving terror to others; while those of a different kind serve for our use, are fitted to live in the various climates in which they have been placed, and seem, by some instinct of nature, to be perfectly submissive; and are bound with much ease to the limits assigned them.

"When we take a view of the whole of the order eastablished originally, and which has been preserved in the world; when we see man dispersed over the face of the earth, and an evident design that he should remain so dispersed, and when we behold, that in consequence thereof, care has been taken that under every circumstance of civilization, or barbarism, a full supply of food can be obtained by each, in a way best fitted to themselves; when we see the birds of passage, anxious to perform their part, and which is important indeed, to some of the inhabitants in the higher latitudes, taught to fly in winter to climes more friendly to their existence, and led back to nourish the waking Laplander, after a winter of retirement and sleep; when we see the care exercised towards man, evinced in the existence of even the most poisonous animals, fitted to inhale the more subtil and pointed particles floating in air, which are too keen for our habits, and observe the irritating fly, busily employed in sipping the putrid matter, in the first stages of it, which otherwise would float incompatable with a salubrious atmosphere, necessary to our happiness; when we see the natural timidity implanted in the nature of the most ferocious animals, fleeing at the approach of man; and the docility of those more immediately intended for our use; when we carefully review these things, and study with attention the works of nature, the great book of God, which if understood, cannot mislead, and our minds are guided by proper considerations, we shall be freed from all anxious fears, lest one part of the system should clash with another; but instead thereof, we shall find ourselves perfectly satisfied in the belief that each will occupy its own orb until the whole shall be dissolved.

"I have little doubt in my own mind, but that every river, whose source is in a lake or pond, where the waters are quiet, might with great ease be replenished with some kind of fish or other. I think there was a time when they were filled. Could we succeed in this measure, the advantages would be important; for it would multiply our cod and other ground-fish about our shores, in proportion as we increase the small river fish, for they are the proper food of the ground-fish, which in pursuit thereof, are allured quite into our harbours, and give us a more easy supply. We have undoubtedly been criminally inattentive to the propagation of the oyster, in different parts of our shores; we can probably fill our channels with these shell-fish with much more ease than we can fill our pastures with herds and flocks.

"I have a satisfaction in submitting these observations to you, which is seldom to be enjoyed, viz. that I shall receive a full compensation——one smile will do it; that I am sure they will beget, for you must long since

fince have been taught that we had better fmile than weep at the vanity of others.

With efteem and affection,

I am always your friend,

B. LINCOLN."

STALLIONS *to cover this Seafon, with the Price and Place of covering, exclufive of what is to be given to the Groom.*

	Guineas per Mare.
AB-Ambobus, near London —	no price
Afcot Arabian, Delrow Farm, Aldenham Herts —	3
Boxer, Houghton, near Stockbridge, Hants —	3
Brufh, Totteridge, Herts	2
Buzzard, Bennington, Herts	10
Seagull, do. —	2
Cour de Lion, Epfom	2
Coriander, Bedale, Yorkfhire	7
Diomed, Great Barton, near Bury St. Edmund's	5
Dragon, Woburn, Bedfordfhire —	10
Skyfcraper, ditto —	5
Mufti, ditto —	5
Fidget, ditto —	3
Drone, Brumpton, Yorkfhire	3
Favourite, ditto —	2
Dungannon, Cannons, Middlefex —	15
Volunteer, ditto —	10
Anvil, ditto —	10
Vertumnus, ditto —	5
Gunpowder, ditto —	5
Young Doge the Teazer, ditto	1
Erafmus, Afhted, Surry	3
Efcape, Highflyer-hall, Cambridge —	10
The Fitzroy Arabian, ditto	5
Creeper, ditto —	3
Flying Gib, Buntingford, Hertfordfhire —	2
Fortunio, Barrows - Brook, Cirencefter —	2
Guido, Park's Farm, Tottenham —	5
Herod, Swarkftone, near Derby —	6
Juniper, ditto —	2
Brilliant, ditto —	1
Icelander, White-Horfe Livery Stable, High-ftreet, Southwark —	5
Javelin, Bennington, Herts	20
Toby, ditto —	2
Jupiter, Thornville Royal, Yorkfhire —	10
Magog, Impington, near Cambridge —	10
Noble, Yatdly, near Hartford-Bridge, Hants —	5
No Pretender, Rycot, near Tetfworth, Oxfordfhire	3
Pharamond, ditto —	2
Ottery, Bath —	2
Pegafus, Plaiftow, Effex	3
Balloon, ditto —	3
Philippo's Arabian, Birftall, near Leicefter —	2
Adamant, ditto —	3
Phenomenon, Grange, near Wakefield, Yorkfhire	25
Pipator, Lower Efher Green Farm, Surry —	5
Douglas, ditto —	2
Poor Jack, Oakingham, Berks	1
Saltram, Carfhalton, Surry	10
Satellite, Cole Harbour, Finchley Common —	8
Cormorant, ditto —	5
Sir Peter Teazle, Knowfley, Lancafhire —	10
Guildford, ditto —	3
Soldier, Mofton Hall, near Chefter —	5
Nobleman, ditto —	1
Spartacus, Quorn, near Loughborough —	3
Spear, Eywood, near Kington, Herefordfhire —	3
Spectre, Sherborne, near North Leach, Gloucefterfhire	2
Sultan, Cannon Park, near Overton, Hampfhire	3
Pilot, ditto —	3

Trumpator,

	Guineas per Mare.
Trumpator, Clermont Lodge, near Brandon, Norfolk	15
Traveller, Boreham Wood, near Barnet —	3
Drumator, ditto —	3
Vermin, Little Barford, near St. Neot's, Huntingdonshire	2
Warren Hastings, Salutation, Doncaster —	5
Hawk, ditto —	2
Woodpecker, Petworth, Sussex —	12
Precipitate, ditto —	12
Driver, ditto —	5
Grey Trentham, ditto	3
Young Mercury, ditto	2
Curricle, ditto —	2
Young Eclipse, Coiney Chapel, Herts —	30
Challenger, ditto —	5
Young Pumpkin, Newmarket	2

THEATRICAL DEPARTMENT.

COVENT GARDEN, APRIL 16.

WINDSOR CASTLE.

A NEW piece, in two acts, entitled *Windsor Castle*, in honour of the Royal Nuptials, was produced this evening. The marriage of Edward the Black Prince with his cousin the Countess of Kent, is the subject applied to the present happy occasion.

The fable is told in one act.—Edward, disguised as a falconer, waits on the road to see his intended princess. He is enamoured at the first glance, and has the happiness to rescue her, just as her steed had plunged into the Thames. The Countess proceeding to Windsor is hurt at the absence of the prince, and still more when learning that he has seen her on the road; she attributes his non-attendance to dislike. At this moment the entrance of the prince in his proper habit removes her fears, and she has the happiness to recognize in her destined husband the preserver of her life.

The characters in the first act are thus named and performed—

King Edward —	Mr. Farren
Prince of Wales	Mr. Pope
Spencer —	Mr. Macready
Nevill —	Mr. Incledon
Fitz-Alan —	Mr. Bowden
Leveret —	Mr. Fawcett
Revel —	Mr. Burton
Ferryman —	Mr. Rees
Eustace —	Mr. Linton
Countess of Kent	Miss Wallis
Lady Blanche	Miss Hopkins

Villagers, &c.

SCENE—Windsor and the neighbourhood.

The second act includes the masque of Peleus and Thetis, supposed to be given in honour of the celebration of the nuptials.

The scene of the celestials in full assemblage witnessing the marriage, with the various groups on the stage, forms a spectacle of uncommon grandeur.

CHARACTERS IN PELEUS AND THETIS.

Peleus —	Mr. Farley
Ganymede —	Mr. Byrn
Hymen —	Mrs. Martyr
Hebe —	Madame Rossi
Minerva —	Mrs. Follett
Thetis —	Madame Prevost
Proteus —	Mr. Holland
Cupid —	Mrs. Mountain
Terpsichore —	Mad. St. Amand
Discord —	Madame Droma

The Overture to the drama selected from Pleyel.

The overture to the masque composed expressly for the occasion by Dr. Haydn; as is the rest of the music by Mr. Salomon; except the glee and song, "May the Prince and his Bride," which are composed by Mr. Spofforth. For the last mentioned and another

other of the songs, see our poetical department.

The dialogue is interspersed with several other songs, duets and choruses; also a concerto on the harp by Mr. Jones, bard to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. The scenery is (with the exception of St. George's Hall) entirely new. It consists of

1. A view of Windsor Castle and the Thames, taken from Datchet Mead.

2. A view of the castle, taken from the forest, near Herne's Oak.

3. A hall richly ornamented with gold and carved work.

4. The inside of St. George's Hall, terminating with a transparency, representing the taking the Bohemian Standard. This scene is most admirably executed by the pencil of the late ingenious Cipriani.

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

THE WELCH HEIRESS.

THE comedy under this title, which was presented on Friday night, April 17, for the first time, is partly founded on a novel bearing the same appellation. It introduces the heiress of Plinlimmon to the country-house of Lord Melcourt, to whom she is shortly to be united. His lordship is disgusted with the volatile simplicity of her conversation, which to him wears only the aspect of shrewd ignorance, and he consents to resign her to his friend Mr. Fashion.

The earlier scenes were somewhat enlivened by the introduction of Fancy, a painter, and Frenzy, a poet, who retires from the world, to enjoy under the assumed name of Tombstone, the posthumous fame which awaits him.

The last acts are heavy and monotonous. They had a powerful plea made for them in an admirable epilogue delivered by Miss Farren. It noticed the late dereliction of tragedy and comedy for the tinsel finery and splendor of processions: and in every line went to implore the justice and candour of the audience, and to save the piece from damnation. It was with difficulty given out for a second representation.

We enter not with critical severity into the merits of this piece, as it comes from the pen of a gentleman who, in another line, has decent rank in the republic of letters. It is the production of Mr. Jerningham, who is well described in the prologue

'A modest minstrel of the plaintive choir.

Of the prologue.—Mr. Barrymore being somewhat at a fault in the delivery, brought himself off by an happy *extempore*. He assured the audience "that he never spoke a prologue in his life!"—The audience believed him!

For the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

Description of the new CHARIOT *used by Lord* JERSEY, *as Master of the Horse to the* PRINCE *of* WALES.

THE body of this superb chariot is painted on a yellow ground, with gold stripes, yellow foliage, and a broad frize border composed of the arms and crest of the Prince of Wales, with ornaments of festoons and oak leaves heightened with gold, on a rich Antwerp blue; the royal arms, garter, and supporters in ermine mantles, on the doors and front and back of the chariot. On the side pannels, the order of the garter, with his Royal Highness's peculiar crests and coronets

nets in ermine mantles; the seat-cloth and lining crimson velvet, with broad gold lace, deep fringes, festoons, and tassels, on which the royal arms are richly embroidered. The carriage, elegantly carved, is a crane-neck, the fore ends of which are composed of laurel, and the hind of palm branches, encircling medallions bearing the Prince of Wales's crest, and terminating with a plume of feathers, enclosing the springs with stars and the Order of the Garter. On the front foot-board in *alto relievo* is the representation of a wild boar hunt: the transom bears the head of Apollo, with emblems of that deity. The back part consists of winged horses, the ornamental parts of which, displaying a head of Mercury, support and enclose the springs, and on an Hercules' club, in the centre, is the crest of the Prince of Wales, with medallions, plumes of feathers, and stars; two elegant cornucopias form the wings, and the whole enriched with drapery of festoons and oak-leaves. The cranes and wheels are ornamented with ribbans, foliage leaves, and other devices: the harness is likewise fancifully executed with various ornaments in silver, and is a great addition to the splendor of the chariot.

This chariot was at first designed for the Princess of Wales, but being only suitable for state occasions, it has been appropriated for Lord Jersey, master of the horse.

PEDIGREES *of celebrated* HORSES.

(Continued from page 315, *of Vol. V.)*

YOUNG CARTOUCH, the property of the Right Hon. the Earl of Portmore. He was got by Old Cartouch, son of the Bald Galloway, got by the St. Victor Barb, the dam of Old Cartouch was got by the Hampton Court Cripple Barb, his grandam by Makeless, his great grandam by Places White Turk; the dam of Young Cartouch was bred by his Grace the Duke of Somerset, she was full sister to Redrose, being both out of the same mare, and got by the Hampton Court Chesnut Arabian.

This horse, though a galloway, won several prizes against sized horses. In 1736, he won a 20l. plate at Hounslow, wt. 10st. 30l. plate at Reading, wt. 10st. 1737, 15l. galloway plate at Salisbury, 20l. galloway plate at Winchester. 1738, 20l. galloway plate at Guildford, 40l. at Winchester, 11st. wt. 15l. galloway purse at Huntingdon, 50gs. purse at Lewes, wt. 10st. 1739, 20l. give-and-take prize at Huntingdon, 20l. plate at Warwick, wt. 10st. 30l. give-and-take prize at Monmouth, 20l. galloway prize at Hereford, after which he served as a stallion in his lordship's stud.

LATH,

The property of his Grace the DUKE *of* DEVONSHIRE.

He was a beautiful fine horse, and thought by many to be the best horse that appeared at Newmarket for several years (Childers only excepted). He was bred by the Earl of Godolphin, and got by his Lordship's Arabian, his dam was Roxana, bred by Sir William Strickland, out of a sister to Chanter, son of the Akaster Turk, and the Bald Galloway, who was bred by Captain Ryder, of Northamptonshire, out of Whynot Royal Mare, and the St. Victor Barb.

April 23, 1737, he won the great ſtakes of 1000gs. for 4 yr olds at Newmarket, October 26, being then 5 yrs old, 8ſt. 4lb. he beat the Hon. Mr. Vane's Little Partner, 6 yrs old, 8ſt. 7lb. four miles, 200gs. Oct. 1738, he beat 8ſt. 12lb. the Earl of Portmore's Squirt, 8ſt. 2lb. four miles, 200gs. he won 50gs. at Marlborough, ſoon after he was ſold to his Grace the Duke of Devonſhire, and ſent to his grace's ſtud for a ſtallion.

SEDBURY.

He was got by Partner, his grandſire was Jigg, his great grandſire was the Byerly Turk, Jigg's dam was got by Hautboy, a ſon of the White D'arcy Turk, Partner's dam was got by the Curwen Bay Barb, his grand dam by old Curwen Spot, a ſon of Selaby Turk; Sedbury's dam was the Old Montague Mare, got by the D'arcy Woodcock, ſon of Bluſter, who was ſire of Blunderbuſs and Old Merlin, he was the late Lord D'arcy's, but became the property of —— Wilkinſon, Eſq. Yorkſhire, in whoſe poſſeſſion Sedbury was foaled; at about a year old, he was ſold to Mr. Man, of Boroughbridge: in 1738, he won the 4 yrs old plate at Black Hambleton; 1739, he won 30gs at Carliſle, 20gs at Biſhop Burton, 40gs at Durham, and the Ladies 60l. ſterling at York; in November he was ſold to Mr. Martindale; in 1740, he won 40gs at Epſom, the King's Plates at Guildford, Saliſbury, Canterbury, and in April, 1741, at Newmarket; he alſo won 60gs at Epſom, 50gs at Guildford, 50l. at Wincheſter, 50l at Stockbridge, 50gs at Oxford, 50l. at Glouceſter, 1743, 50l. at Epſom, 50l. at York, 50l. at Stockbridge, and in 1744, 60gs at Newmarket; he was afterwards a ſtallion in the north.

VOLUNTEER,

The property of Sir MARMADUKE WYVILL, *Bart.*

Volunteer was bred by Sir Marmaduke Wyvill, and got by Young Belgrade, ſon of a Turkiſh horſe taken by General Mercie, at the ſiege of Belgrade, from the Baſhaw, and ſent to the Prince of Craon, who preſented him to the Duke of Lorain, whoſe miniſter, Baron Chagne, at London, ſold him, and certified as aforeſaid. Young Belgrade's dam was daughter to the Scarborough Mare. Volunteer's dam was got by the Bartlet Childers, his grandam was daughter to the Devonſhire Cheſnut Arabian, his great grandam was got by Mr. Pelham's Bay Barb, which was Mr. Curwen's, of Workington, and full ſiſter to the Duke of Somerſet's Weſtbury.

April 22, 1742, Volunteer won the King's 100gs for 6 yr olds at Newmarket; the 19th of May, he won 50l. at Epſom; the 10th of June, 50l. at Guildford; the 10th of July, 50l. at Nottingham. He was ſent to Ireland, where he won ſeveral plates, he then became the property of Sir Edwin O'Brian, Bart. in whoſe poſſeſſion he was accidentally killed.

SQUIRREL

The property of — WILLIAMS, Eſq.

He was bred by Mr. Smith of Yorkſhire, and got by Snake, whoſe dam was got by Hautboy, his ſire was the Liſter Turk; Hautboy was out of a royal mare, and the White D'arcy Turk, the dam of Squirrel was got by the Akaſter Turk, ſire of Chanter, his grand dam was got by a ſon of

Cook Sculp

EPPING EASTER HUNT 1795 *the Stag in Burleighs pond.*

Published May 1st by J. Wheble, Warwick Square, London.

of the Pulleyne Arabian; his great grand dam was got by Brimmer, out of a D'arcy royal mare, and the D'arcy Yellow Turk, who got Old Spanker, sire of the Marquis of Wharton's Careless, that got the dam of the Devonshire Childers.

It is allowed that Squirrel for high weight was the best horse in his age and time in the kingdom. He won 300 guineas match at Bridgnorth, 40l. plate at Chesterfield, the King's 100 guineas at York, Lincoln, Newmarket, and in April following also at Newmarket; after which he was sold to ——— Crowley, Esq. for 500 guineas, on whose demise he again became the property of the aforesaid ——— Williams, Esq.

(To be continued.)

Epping Easter Hunt.
1795.

With a beautiful Engraving of taking the Stag in Burleigh's Pond

HITHERTO the pen of ridicule only, has been employed in describing this annual diversion; but it shall be our business this year to delineate the events of the day with seriousness and accuracy.

To a true sportsman, nothing can equal the spirit and elevating joy of a stag hunt. This hunt, as observed in a former Magazine, is an appendage to the royal chase supported by the crown, with the aid of a subscription from the neighbouring gentlemen, at the head of whom is ——— Mellish, Esq. the proprietor of the hounds. But the chief object for keeping up the ceremony, is, we believe, to serve the neighbouring inns and public houses (who, by the bye, are not backward in their charges), and to put something in the pocket of the huntsman, who is this day allowed to kill, and sell the skin to the Londoners, who eagerly and dearly purchase it in bits: but if the deer is taken alive, a gathering is made for the huntsman and whippers-in.

Having premised thus much, we shall proceed to give an account of the chase. Of the early part of the day, it might have been said,

> The morning low'rs, and heavily with clowds
> Brings on the day.

But the unpromising appearance of the weather did not dismay either the real, or *would-be* sportsmen; for from nine till eleven o'clock the roads from Whitechapel to Woodford were lined with carriages of every description, and an incredible number of horsemen, among whom were many cockney nimrods, in smart frocks, cordovan boots, and long-necked spurs, each capering his hack Bucephalus, to attract the attention of those they passed.

A number of temporary booths, for the sale of liquors, ham, beef, bread and cheese, &c. were erected on the forest, each distinguished by a sign analagous to the chase, as the *Rein Deer*, the *Green Man*, the *White Hart*, *French Horn*, &c.

About twelve, the stag was brought in a cart from the Bush at Wanstead, but not as heretofore had been the custom, "*with all his honours thick upon his head*," his branching antlers, which used to be decorated with ribbons, being cut off almost close to his head.

At half past twelve, he was turned out from the brow of the hill facing the Roe-buck, and the hounds

hounds immediately laid on, and

——— ———— Now the game is off at once,
The pack full op'ning various; the shrill horn
Resounding from the hills; the neighing steed
Wild for the chase, and the loud hunter's shout,
Mix'd in mad tumult and discordant joy.

The stag, at starting, took to the woody coverts on the left of Buckhurst Hill, from thence to Fair-mead Bottom, and on to Loughton Wood, from thence to Robinson's Range, and round the inclosures by Leatherly's Farm, to Deadman's Wood, and returned to Fair-mead Bottom, and on to Golden Hill, thence passing Queen Elizabeth's Lodge, he came back to the Bottom again, and being pressed with the dogs at his haunches, he plunged into Burleigh's Pond, from which he was taken alive, and reserved for a future day's sport, after a chace of an hour and ten minutes, and nearly all the time in view.

Many of the equestrians followed the sport till their horses declined from one pace to another, from a *short* and *tired stroke*, to a *stand still!* the riders reluctantly, but compulsively relinquishing farther pursuit, with no other alternative, than of reaching the first place of accomodation, where nature might be recruited, and disgrace obscured.

After the chase was over, the company universally agreed it was necessary to eat, and those who could not hunt (by far the greater number) nevertheless confessed themselves "*as hungry as hunters*," and they accordingly adjourned to the houses of entertainment, the larders and cupboards of which, in a short time, were so completely gutted, that a hungry traveller would have found it as difficult to procure a dinner near Epping Forest as if he had been in the desarts of Arabia.

As auxiliary amusements to the chase, several genteel marquees were pitched near the Bald-faced Stag, with E O tables; at the principal of which, a lady elegantly dressed in a riding habit, presided, whose bewitching face, and fascinating address, had the desired influence to introduce the country Johns to sport their silver liberally.

A farmer's servant undertook, for the wager of a guinea, to run a mile in five minutes; but he had not proceeded much above a third of the way, before the time was expired, proving by his pace he was more fit to follow the plough than to offer himself to public notice as a powerful pedestrian.

Two or three boxing matches took place; one in particular was well fought, and hardly contested, between a butcher and one of the East Kent Militia, which ended in an acklowledgment of the superiority of the sword to the cleaver.

At the Castle, at Woodford, a gold-laced hat was bowled for at nine pins, and a match at singlestick played.

At the Horse and Leaping-bar, Woodford Wells, a Welch main of cocks was fought for a silver cup, and won (after being pounded) by a spangled pyle belonging to Mr. Smith of Walthamstow.

The evening concluded with an assembly at the Eagle, Snaresbrook, which was attended by some of the subscribers to the hunt, the officers of the Shropshire, and East Kent militia, quartered thereabout, and a numerous assemblage of ladies in the neighbourhood.

LIST OF GOLD CUPS

WON AT

DONCASTER.

Owners of the Horfes.	In the Year.	No. of Cups.	Horfes Names.	Got by	Val. of Cup
Lord A. Hamilton	1766	1	Charlotte	Blank	80
Duke of Cleveland	1767	2	Meaburn	Mirza	80
Mr. Bethell	1768	3	Laura	Lofty	80
Mr. W. Caftle	1769	4	Tantrum	Cripple	90
Mr. Fenton	1770	5	Liberty	Turners Sweep.	80
Mr. Wentworth	1771	6	Mafk	Young Mogul	80
Ditto	1772	7	Ditto	Ditto	80
Hon. I. S. Barry	1773	8	Forrefter	Dionifias	80
Sir Harry Harpur	1774	9	Juniper	Snap	80
Ditto	1775	10	Ditto	Ditto	100
Sir J. Gafcoine	1776	11	Tuberofe	Herod	100
Sir Harry Harpur	1777	12	Pilot	Dainty Davy	100
Lord Rockingham	1778	13	Phocion	Sampfon	100
Mr. Bethell	1779	14	MagnumBonum	Match'em	100
Mr. Burdon	1780	15	Duchefs	Le Sang	100
Mr. Douglas	1781	16	Crookfhanks	Florizel	100
Ditto	1782	17	Ditto	Ditto	100
Mr. Garforth	1783	18	Faith	Pacolet	100
Sir J. L. Kay	1784	19	Phœnomenon	Herod	100
Lord A. Hamilton	1785	20	Alexander	Mungo	100
Mr. Garforth	1786	21	Fairy	Highflyer	100
Sir G. Armytage	1787	22	Stargazer	Ditto	100
Duke of Bedford	1788	23	Buftler	Florizel	100
H. R. H. P. of W	1789	24	Tot	Carabineer	100
Mr. Dodfworth	1790	25	Abba Thulle	Young Marfke	100
Mr. Hutchinfon	1791	26	YoungTraveller	King Fergus	100
Ditto	1792	27	Overton	Ditto	100
Ditto	1793	28	Oberon	Highflyer	100
Ditto	1794	29	Boningbrough	King Fergus	100

THE FEAST OF WIT;

OR,

SPORTSMAN's HALL.

Mr. COURTENAY's *Speech in the House of Commons on the* Sunday Bill, *brought in by Sir* W. DOLBEIN *and Sir* RICHARD HILL.

MR. COURTENAY ridiculed the bill altogether, as a thing entirely founded on puritannical principles: he said it would increase the number of religious informers, who reversed the proverb. St. Paul said, that "Godliness is great gains."—With them great gains were godliness. It was a bill to make Sunday a day of fast, as well as a day of prayer, for it subjected any persons to imprisonment who should sell provisions on that day. It was an extraordinary thing that the Chancellor of the Exchequer should call upon us all for a guinea a piece a year for leave to wear powder in our hair, and now a bill is to pass to send hair dressers to prison for powdering us. This was an age of prophecies, and it reminded him of a prophecy which was made about two hundred years ago, and it appeared in an itinerary. It was in verse, as many prophecies are, and with permission he would read it to the house.

At Oxford, much against my will,
Two Knights I met—Dolbein and Hill;
And there I saw, O most profane one,
Each Knight, who was a puritane one,
Hanging of his cat on Monday,
For killing of a mouse on Sunday.

N. B. The bill was thrown out.

IRISH ELOQUENCE.

In the debate on the leather tax, in the Irish house of Commons, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, (Sir John Parnell) observed, with great emphasis, "That in the prosecution of the present war, every man ought to give his *last* guinea to protect the *remainder*." Mr. Vandelure said, that however that might be, the tax on leather would be *severely felt* by the *bare-footed* peasantry of Ireland. To which Sir Boyle Roach replied, that this could be easily remedied, by making the under-*leathers* of *wood*.

ECONOMY.

A gentleman who declared he could not afford to pay *one guinea* for a licence to wear powder, has, within these few days, had his hair cut off, and paid *two guineas and a half* for a wig.

REPARTEE.

Diderot, it is well known, was honoured by the favours of the Empress of Russia before the revolution, and he was considered as her literary agent at Paris. Diderot had long worn mourning, which modest dress he considered as not ill adapted for the character he assumed as a man of letters. The Count de Broglio, a petit maitre, and a poor wit, attempted to ridicule him for the black coat, which he affected to prefer for his dress. He asked him if he was in mourning for the Russians. "Sir, replied the philosopher, "If I had to wear *mourning* for a *nation*, I shall not *go far* to seek for one."

CHEAP TRAVELLING.

A daughter of pleasure, who had followed a party of soldiers from Lincoln towards Hull, tired of her military companions, took the following conveyance home again:—Bolstering up her waist, she embraced the first opportunity of begging; *far advanced in pregnancy, and doubtful how far she could proceed.*" The scheme had the desired effect. An overseer was dispatched, without loss of time, to see her safe into the next parish, where he wished her good bye, and gave her a shilling. She was there treated with another ride, and half a crown. Thus onward the lady was accommodated through half a dozen parishes, till she came near home, when the prying eyes of an assembly of matrons relieved the apprehensions of the overseer, by discovering the cheat.

The Duchess of York being in want of a laundress, desired her housekeeper to look out for some person to fill that situation. A decent looking young woman was accordingly recommended; but the housekeeper objected to her, in the Duke's hearing, observing that she was a soldier's wife, and that these people were generally bad characters. "What's that you say, Madam?" replied the Duke, "*a soldier's wife?* pray, what is your mistress, and be d—d to you? Engage the woman." The place is worth about 40l. a year.

SPENCERS.

Two gentlemen, walking a few days ago in the vicinity of Bath, met a poor fellow well known by the name of *Carotty Tom*, and for his mental imbecility. Not content with a few pence given by the gentlemen, he still followed, and interrupted them with his incoherent conversation; when one of them, rather angrily, called him *fool*, and bad him turn back.—"Yes," replied Tom, "I knows I be a fool, but here comes a *greater* (pointing to a young gentleman then approaching, dressed in a *light* coat, and a *blue* spencer,—I wears my waistcoat *under* my coat, and he (bursting into a loud laugh) wears hissen *over* it."

In an American paper, of a recent date, a meek taylor requires "all persons to take notice, that Ruth, the wife of his bosom, hath quitted his bed, eloped from his habitation, and bid him farewell, that therefore it is not reasonable to expect, that he should in any wise be answerable for her contracts, nor will he pay one shilling of her debts while his name is Ephraim."

When, in the year 1715, Bishop Atterbury told his Majesty that he

he was sorry to be the messenger of such ill news, as to acquaint him that the rebels had made a considerable progress. "My Lord," replied the King, "I fear the rebels about as much as you fear Jesus Christ."

A BULL.

An Irish gentleman, speaking of the present troubles in the sister kingdom, and the discontents which are particularly directed against the non-resident land-holders, said, "By J—— and if I was an *absentee*, I'd be there just now looking after my estate!"

A Correspondent, who wishes a Tax on Dogs instead of Hair Powder, recommends them to be classed under the following heads, viz.

Sad dogs, good dogs, bad dogs, honest dogs, comical dogs, dirty dogs, lying dogs, good-for-nothing dogs, sensible dogs, ignorant dogs, clever dogs, dull dogs, artful dogs, pleasant dogs, religious dogs, demure dogs, sanctified dogs, busy dogs, sly dogs, whimsical dogs, droll dogs, surly dogs, thieving dogs, roguish dogs, blackguard dogs, gallows dogs, cheating dogs, barking dogs, snarling dogs, ungrateful dogs, vile dogs, merry dogs, pettifogging dogs, sneaking dogs, blind dogs, conceited dogs, out-of-the-way dogs, greedy dogs, cruel dogs, whining dogs, electioneering dogs, hearty dogs, dismal dogs, hungry dogs, damn'd dogs, cursed dogs, and worse, and last of all dogs, *democratic* dogs.

A moderate tax on each *dog*, to say nothing of the *puppies* that swarm about us, would raise a very considerable sum, and give offence to no one.

This the suggestion of

A QUEER DOG.

For the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

An Essay on the striking Resemblance between some MEN *and some* DOGS.

Aye, in the catalogue you go for men,
As hounds, and greyhounds, mungrels, spaniels, curs,
Shoughs, water-rugs, and demi-wolves are cleped
All by the name of dogs; the valued file
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,
The house-keeper, the hunter; every one
According to the gift which bounteous Nature
Hath in him clos'd; whereby he does receive
Particular addition from the bill
That writes them all alike: and so of men.

MACBETH, Act 3, Scene I.

THE perusal of the above lines, threw me into a train of reflections, on the resemblance between several animals of the *human* and the *canine* species; a resemblance, indeed, which appeared to me so strong, that I could not help thinking some of the numerous readers of the Sporting Magazine might be amused with my speculations concerning it.

The supple sinister, smooth-tongued *sycophant*, in the *suite* of a great man who is ready to execute the commands of *a premier*, however repugnant they may be to his inclination, however they may revolt against his ideas of honour—(to say nothing of the shocks which they give his conscience) who is ever disposed

"To fetch and carry nonsense for my Lord;"

To say Ay and No to every thing a great man says—though *ay* and *no too*, are not certainly, as old Lear says *true divinity* may aptly be coupled, in the way of comparison, with the *spaniel*, who is distinguished among his canine companions

panions by fawning upon those who use him worst, and licking even the hand raised in wrath against him; crouching at the feet of his imperious master, and becoming more humble, the more he is beaten by him.

The sour and severe *critic*, whose supreme delight is to discover errors in a work which has met with a favourable reception from the public, who sits down with all the malice of an enemy, fastens upon the slightest deviation from the rigid rules of the Stagyrite, with the execrable satisfaction of a *Scaliger*, and points them out to view with an exultation which does no credit to his *heart*, whatever compliments he may receive for his critical *acumen*—ranks with the *cur*, who is always snapping and snarling at every man he meets, sticks close to his heels, and annoys those whom he assails in such a manner, that they find it no easy matter to disengage themselves.

The *pimp*, who makes it the dishonourable employment of *his* life to make the life of a right honourable personage happy, by drawing innocent girls from the paths of virtue, and putting them into his lordship's power, may be classed with the pointer, who hunts for that game his master wants to get into his possession, and as soon as he sees the poor birds endeavouring to make their escape, gives him notice, that some of them at least may be intercepted in their flight.

The *country gentleman*, who lives upon his patrimonial estate in the most prudent style, which enables him at once to make a respectable appearance, and to endear himself to his indigent neighbours, by a well governed hospitality, is (if the comparing him to a dog carries no degradation with it) like one of those faithful domestic animals that guards the house of his protector with the utmost faithfulness, and makes a noble *opposition* to those who attempt by bribes or blows to prevent him from doing the duty of a *true English mastiff*.

The *delicate dangler* after the fair, who spends his whole time in giving himself an effeminate appearance, and distinguishing himself by feminine employments, whose conversation turns chiefly upon the tattle of the day, and who prefers a *tete à tete* with the silliest girl in the kingdom to the company of any of his own sex, is of no more consequence in the creation than a *lap dog*.

The *bailiff*, whose occupation is to seize those unfortunate members of the community whom the law has condemned to *durance vile* for the contraction of debts which they cannot discharge, often appears and acts with the fierceness of a *bull dog*; and as well may the sturdiest of the horned race hope to throw off his ferocious assailant, whom he despises at the same time, as the unhappy debtor shake off a catchpole, though he may look at him perhaps with the most cordial contempt.

The vigilant *thief-taker*, who peeps into *courts* and *alleys* for those who have endeavoured to screen themselves from the eye of justice, by skulking in corners and obscure places, may, with particular propriety, be compared to a *terrier*, as they are both serviceable in bringing to light the *vermin* by which society is grievously infested.

The *projector*, who is always in pursuit of something which continually eludes his search, may be classed with the *water-spaniel* in chase of a duck, who is perpetually

ally seeing the object of his pursuit sinking from his sight and tantalizing him by a re-appearance in a different place, to which he hurries, animated with fresh hopes, only to be mortified by a fresh disappointment.

I might encrease my catalogue by coupling *soldiers* with *bloodhounds*, *courtiers* with *turnspits*, and *blunderers in politics* with *blind puppies*, &c. &c. &c. but I imagine I have sufficiently proved that there is a striking resemblance between the *human* and the *canine* species; and I believe I may venture to add, that upon many occasions, the latter, making all due allowances for education, discover more *rationality*, though they cannot reason.

B.

Bath, *April* 16, 1795.

To the Editors *of the* Sporting Magazine.

GENTLEMEN,

NOT an *hundred miles* from the abbey church is a club late ly established, entitled the school of Bacchus, where there is taught the *eighth* liberal science, or true art of drinking. Its members have three degrees, which are most greedily sought after —The most corpulent soakers are *masters of arts*; the leanest, *bachelors*; the purple-nose topers, *bachelors of law*. The books studied are, the *silver tankard*, *pewter pot*, and *can*. The professors employ themselves in the following studies:

He that *snivels* in his cups, studies *hydromancy*.

He that *laughs* and *prates* much, *natural philosophy*.

He that gives *good counsel*, *morality*.

He that boasts of his *travels*, *cosmography*.

He that *roars* and *sings*, *rhetoric*.

He that calls another *drunkard*, *logic*.

He that *rubs off his score*, *arithmetic*.

They are also thus distinguished:

He that staggers and looks upwards, is an *astrologer*.

He that reels from one side of the street to the other, *a geometrician*.

He that falls into the gutter, *a navigator*.

He that quarrels in his cups, *a barrister*.

He that drinks by himself, *a bencher*.

He that drinks to every body, *a young student*.

He that drinks upon trust, *a merchant adventurer*.

He that is full of compliments, *a civilian*.

He that breaks glasses and kicks the waiter, *Major Domo*.

He that breaks lamps and beats the watch, *comptroller*.

He that pawns to pay his reckoning, *master of wardrobe*.

He that calls for rashers, Welch rabbits, &c. *clerk of the kitchen*.

He that talks much, and speaks nonsense, *proctor*.

He that tells long stories, *register*.

He that forestals any one's conversation, *notary public*.

He that roars and bawls, *crier of the court*.

He that engrosses all the conversation, *foreman of the jury*.

He that tells marvellous tales, *intelligencer*.

He that drinks out of another man's pot, *pirate of the narrow seas*.

He that marches off with gloves, sticks, &c. *grand sutler*.

Your's,

BIBO

MONS.

MONS. VIAL DE SAINBEL.

THE Editors of this Miscellany, the Sporting Magazine, have been favoured with the printed proposals for publishing the works of Mons. Vial de Sainbel, first professor of the Veterinary College of London; the book to contain the author's life, and besides those already extant, four tracts never yet published, some engravings are to be given, particularly a head of the author. A specimen of the work is annexed to the proposals, and contains the introductory part of the life of Sainbel, prefaced by a dedication from the editor, to his Grace the Duke of Northumberland, president of the Veterinary College. As we shall have the work before us when published, it shall have our impartial remarks: at present we conceive we cannot better entertain our readers, than by presenting to them a portion of the biographical part, which as we have observed, accompanies the proposal, and which is to form the beginning of the work.

"Mr. Sainbel," says the author, "stands the corner stone and original source of that knowledge and practice which is now adopting in London; and diffusing itself throughout this kingdom, respecting the proper method of treating *the horse* in every stage of *its* diseases and infirmities. 'Till his residence in England, *true veterinary science* was unknown among us, although studied and practised in every other part of Europe. To remedy this defect in some measure, the *Odikam Society* (for the encouragement of agriculture, &c.) had it in contemplation to send two young men from this country into France, to study in one of the schools there. The motive appears to have been not only to introduce a judicious mode for the treatment of horses and other cattle into this kingdom, but also to extend this science and its practice. Patriotic and humane as was the plan, yet from so confined an effort, little more than a local and partial advantage could be hoped for: it is to be feared such a beginning would have had but a small chance of success, from the opposition naturally arising in old and long-rooted prejudices.

Happily, however, for this kingdom, and the beautiful stock of cattle it produces, the mission of these young men into France was prevented by the arrival of Mons. de Sainbel, who just at this period, took up his residence in England. The very judicious manner in which he dissected the body of Eclipse, (a horse at once our glory and our pride from his unequalled and unrivalled powers) and the proofs he daily gave of his knowledge in the veterinary science, soon gained him the patronage of many noblemen* and gentlemen; from the zeal of one of whom, assisted by a few others, and his own exertions, arose the Veterinary College of London; an institution of the greatest consequence to this nation; and which, (though at present struggling with some untoward difficulties) will, no doubt, in time equal, if not rival, the other veterinary seminaries of Europe, not only by the excellence of its practice, and the consequent information conveyed to the pupils who are admitted to

* The Right Honourable Earl Grosvenor and Earl Morton were his most early and distinguished patrons.

study

ftudy there; but by the perpetual fource of knowledge it will diffeminate throughout the kingdom, producing the greateft benefit to the domeftic ufe of man.

"Monf. Vial de Sainbel was born at Lyons, January 28th, 1753; at which time his grandfather held the important office of mayor; this family having been long poffeffed of a domaine in that province, called Sainbel, they added this cognomen to that of Vial, (as was the cafe throughout France before the revolution of 1789.) At three years old, he loft his grand-father and both his parents; his father having appointed Monf. de Fleffeille to be his guardian, this gentleman very kindly took him under his care; with him he remained till he was fixteen: at which age, being impelled by his great propenfity for inveftigating the organization of animals, he went one day to the veterinary fchool to fee its mufeum: After fatisfying his curiofity, he requefted an interview with the profeffor, Monf. Pèan; of this gentleman he folicited permiffion to attend the lectures as an out-pupil; which, being contrary to the rules of the college, he was refufed; but he obtained leave to become a ftudent at his own expence; this in a few days he accomplifhed. On his being entered, he was introduced not only to the ftudy of the outward conformation of the horfe, but alfo to that of the cutaneous difeafes of the legs: which, being congenial to his wifhes, he applied fo clofely, that in a fhort fpace of time he gained the prize allotted to the beft effay on the greafe, being the fubject of difcuffion for the day.*

"His patron, guardian, and friend, Monf. de Fleffeille, was fo much pleafed with the progrefs of young Sainbel, that he foon after gratified him with an annuity of 500 livres, not only as a reward and encouragement, but alfo as an earneft of his future favours. By thefe marks of public approbation and private patronage, he was impelled to greater exertions, and more intenfe application, fo that at the end of two years he obtained the appointment of lecturer and demonftrator to a clafs of fixteen of the pupils; the next year he was made upper ftudent, affiftant furgeon, and one of the public demonftrators, a fituation of great importance, on account of its extenfive practice, and the opportunity it afforded of obtaining patrons. He had not been in this charge above twelve months before a dreadful epizootic diforder broke out among the horfes, in many of the provinces of France. Upon the frequent and preffing reprefentations made of this deftructive calamity to the veterinary college at Lyons, he was ordered to chufe five ftudents out of it to accompany him in his provincial vifits, in order to affift in ftopping the ravages of this evil. This miffion was fo completely accomplifhed, that on his return, he brought with him the moft ample official teftimonials of his fkill, from the places where he had thus fortunately practifed.

"Soon after his return to Lyons, he was fent for to Paris by the late King's exprefs orders, and appointed one of the junior profeffional affiftants to the royal veterinary college. Thus raifed, he endeavoured to fulfil the duties of this ftation by every exertion

* This effay makes a part of the prefent volume.

tion that a gratified and grateful mind could inſpire.

"But here (as if fortune was wearied of beſtowing her favours upon him) aroſe an unexpected oppoſition to his progreſs, from the jealouſy of one of the profeſſors. This man finding that M. Sainbel was gaining, by his ſkill and aſſiduity, a great aſcendancy not only over the minds of the ſtudents, but of ſome of the directors, whoſe diſpoſitions led them to a right judgment of, and attention to, real merit: and fearing that by his means many of the old and abſurd methods of practice ſtill adhered to, would be exploded, and œconomical abuſes rectified (by which ſome of the adherents to the old ſchool might loſe not only their conſequence, but their ſituations), he was determined to nip him in the bud. He, therefore, urged M. Chabert and others, in the direction, to enter into a ſcheme, not only to humble M. Sainbel, but to bring him into that ſtate of ſubmiſſion and ſilence that would, in future, keep him under their controul and mandates; for this purpoſe he wrote the following note:

"My dear friend, and brother profeſſor Chabert,

"I need not again remind you of our preſent irkſome ſituation —this young headſtrong, of inflexible manners, renders our condition both diſagreeable and unſafe. What do you think of his conduct the day before yeſterday, at the public lecture? Ought he not to have praiſed, inſtead of attempting to prove me a plagiariſt and quack. I own that I previouſly treated him *en cavalier*. What then? Was I not his ſenior, and ſhould he not have taken it in good part, and as an honour done him, to be in *any manner* noticed? But no—he choſe to retort and inſult my abilities. It muſt be allowed that he has merit, and has acquired ſomething like ſkill; but his practice is ſo novel, that we muſt either give up ours, or he muſt his. We profeſſors, have had (you know, my dear Chabert) ſo *perfect* an underſtanding with each other, throughout the whole college, that if one of us *was* found not quite ſo illumined on certain ſubjects as could be wiſhed, each of us winked in our turn at it, and all has been kept right. Confer with Sainbel as ſoon as you can: get at his private opinion, not only of me, but of our colleagues; and try to bend him to our views. If you find him inflexibly determined upon his ſyſtem of novelty and œconomy, —we muſt cruſh him.

"You know my intereſt with the miniſter. I will immediately after your conference (if he remains obſtinate) repreſent him to be not only a wrong-headed troubleſome and dangerous fellow, but alſo an enemy to all order, and diſaffected to good government; (I do not ſay what government. I leave the miniſter to conſtrue that; and as he is moſt likely to take the word in its wrong ſenſe, by ſo doing, I ſhall get rid of all reſponſibility.) I ſhall conclude my application by ſoliciting his removal from hence. A letter de cachet will iſſue, and the Baſtile (from whence he ſhall never return) be the dernier theatre demonſtratif of Monſ. our petit profeſſeur en ſecond. I am, with all ſincerity of attachment and eſteem,

"My dear profeſſor,

"Your's,

"BOURGELAT."

(To be continued.)

ASTLEY'S

ASTLEY'S, WESTMINSTER BRIDGE.

A Description of the New Amphitheatre of Arts, under the Patronage of his Royal Highness the Duke of York.

THE Ground Plan.—Is in form similar to a horse shoe; laid out in this manner on account of the point of sight, which is so directed, that every person within the building has a view at once uninterrupted, and superior to that experienced at any other place of public exhibition in England.

Under this head may be classed the circle, of exquisite contrivance, designed for equestrian performances at night; and to be employed by day as a school, (under the name of *L'Ecole de Equitation*) for instruction in the art of mounting the horse with safety and grace, as well as for reducing and forming that animal to the several purposes for which nature has designed it, viz. war, road, field, draught, burthen, &c. &c.

The Pit.—Is divided into two parts, the one resembling the moon in its increase; the other, an eliptic circle: that part within the column, and next the circle, having seven rows of seats: the other, without the columns (called Pit Box) having five rows of seats arranged according to the rules of gradation. Both these places terminate in points somewhat similar to optical instruments, for the purpose of exposing to the sight all those kind of scenic exhibitions intended to be given on the stage, as well as the exact proportion of the body, and elegance of the dancers, &c.

The Box.—The entrance to this place is from Bridge Road, on a flat space, the passage of which has two shops; that on the right hand for the sale of musical instruments, and such music as may from time to time be presented at the Amphitheatre; that on the left is fitted up for fruit and confectionary.

At the end of these shops is a spacious room, designed for the purpose of receiving orders, and for the accommodation of gentlemen attending the school for instruction in the art of riding: and adjoining to it is the box saloon, sixty-two feet long, and sixteen high, containing four stair cases, leading to different parts of the house, viz. to the lower box, the side box, the middle box, and the upper box; in every corner of which a view of the whole of the amusements may be commanded.

The Gallery.—Is perhaps the most convenient place of the kind ever built: such is the order with which the seats are arranged, such the spaces allotted to each, the ease of access to the whole; and above all—a good view of the different entertainments.

The Stage.—The mechanism of this part of the building is entirely new, and its effect astonishing, which a sight of the present scenic exhibitions will evince.

The Scenery.—Taken "all in all," (particularly when the shortness of the time is considered) may be said to be the most complete ever beheld.

The Stables.—Though in an unfinished state, carry with them a something out of the common line of building in this way.

The Decorations.—Are perhaps as well selected and executed as imagination could possibly suggest; but that of the triumphal

phal entry of Julius Cæsar into Rome mostly attracts the eye, is taken from the well known and much admired paintings in the gallery of the Louvre, at Paris.

The music.—Partly new, and partly selected, is well adapted to the several performances.

The dresses.—As well as every thing within and without the building, are entirely new: the late dreadful conflagration having totally destroyed every iota in that department, as well as in every other, the horses only excepted.

General Remarks.—The manner of its construction is entirely novel in England, corresponding in some degree, (upon an improved plan) with the point of sight, &c. laid down for places of public entertainment by that celebrated architect, Mons. Louis, of the city of Paris, and the whole including ground plan, elevation, arrangement of boxes, pit, gallery and circus, scenery, machinery, and other works of art, as well as the painting, decorations, &c. have been immediately fancied by Mr. Astley, sen. and executed under his direction.

In conformity to the general plan observed in building large theatres in Paris, the amphitheatre of arts is supported by one hundred large columns, thirty-seven feet high, and twelve inches diameter: these columns likewise serve to divide the boxes as well as the pit and gallery, and stand entirely free from the external wall, both of which are totally independent of each other: the intention of the former being to support and strengthen the building; of the latter, to secure it against fire, agreeable to act of Parliament. The whole of this extensive place of entertainment, as far as concerns the part made use of for that purpose, is 139 feet in length, by 62 feet 9 inches in breadth, and is, perhaps, for strength, and general accommodation, without its equal in Europe.

The Brompton Mystery.

SATURDAY, April 18, Maria Theresa Phipoe, and Mary Brown, her servant, underwent a long examination before J. Floud, Esq. at the Public Office, Bow-Street, respecting a charge of violently assaulting and extorting from John Courtoy a promissory note for 2000l.

Mr. C. said, that owing to an intimacy he had with the parents of a Miss Deschampe, now in France, he became acquainted with the prisoner, Mrs. Phipoe, in whom Miss D. placed great confidence: that Miss D. by the death of her father, came into possession of near 7000l. and which being invested in the English funds, a power of attorney was granted to him by Miss D. for receiving the dividends while she was in France: that a short time since, Mrs Phipoe sent to inform him that she had received a letter from Miss D. in France, desiring another power of attorney might be made, and sent her to sign, in which she, Mrs. Phipoe, was appointed to receive the dividends of the monies belonging to Miss D. which was accordingly done, and that he understood that she had received the amount of the said dividends ever since: that within these two days, he had received several letters from Mrs. Phipoe, requesting him to call on her and take charge of some money that Miss Deschampe had desired

to have distributed among some French emigrants, but that the witness not wishing to interfere in the business wrote her a note to that effect, which, so far from satisfying, produced two threatening letters to compel him to come. [Here the letters were read, which contained the most abandoned and disgraceful expressions respecting a connection which she seemed to insinuate existed between the prosecutor and his housekeeper.] That, after pressing his attendance, in this manner, she refused to see him, but desired him, if he valued his own happiness, to come the Tuesday following.

He accordingly called on that day, at her house, in Hans-square Brompton, when he was conducted into the parlour by Mary Brown, who informed him her mistress was up stairs, dressing; very soon after she came down, and requested him to come up stairs, which on his hesitating to do, she said, "sure you are not afraid!" They then went up stairs, followed by Mary Brown, who, when her mistress laid hold of him by the throat, and threw him down in an arm-chair, attempted to draw a black crape over his head and face, but which he prevented her doing by tearing it to pieces. Mrs. Phipoe then held a large knife to his throat, and cried out "you villain, now is the time to murder you." They then tied him down in a chair with some cord, and repeated the horrid threat, adding, "it is been determined that you should be murdered, cut to pieces, and buried in the garden." She then knocked on the floor with her foot, and a young man, who he understood was a doctor, (having seen him before with her) came up stairs, and on her telling him she was going to murder the witness, he replied, "do as you like," and went down stairs again. She then asked him "if he had made his will, and if he had said his prayers?" to both of which questions he answered in the negative, and requested a few minutes for the latter purpose; she then, in the utmost fury, and with the most terrifying action, declared she would open his heart, holding the knife all the time close to him.

He begged to know what it was she wanted; and on being informed it was money, he offered her 300l. then 500l. and afterwards 1000l. all of which sums she refused, and immediately made an attempt to cut his throat, which putting up his hand to defend, he received a severe cut on his fingers; it was at last agreed, that he should give her 2000l. which, she said, she must have at two promissory notes of 1000l. each, and ordered Mary Brown to fetch stamps for the purpose, which she did, and also a draft to draw the notes by, and which he supposed had been written by the person called the doctor. That in drawing the first note he had made a mistake, which induced him to tear it, and not being able to procure another stamp, she ordered him to draw one for 2000l. and date it the 30th of March in writing; having done this, he delivered it into her possession. At this time there was a pair of loaded pistols on the table, each she said contained two balls; a large knife wrapt round with black crape, and a glass of white arsenic, of which she bade him take his choice, as he must die; or if he did not like any of these, he should be cut in pieces, and buried in the garden, as at first intended. That the doctor came up again, when she gave the note

note to him, and he ſaid, "I cannot poſſibly join in ſuch a horrid maſſacre; and as this man has given the note to our ſatisfaction, give him his life." That on this ſhe cried extremely, and appeared ready to go into fits with paſſion, which induced the doctor to take the knife out of her hand. The witneſs then took the opportunity of running down ſtairs, and was purſued by Mrs. Phipoe and her maid: Mrs. Phipoe then ſaid that though he might eſcape being murdered there, ſhe had got ſome villains to way-lay him on the road: having got out of the houſe, he made the beſt of his way home, where he related the ſtory to his houſekeeper, and next day communicated it to a friend in Pall-Mall, who adviſed him to apply to Bow-ſtreet.

The officers produced a pocket-book, found on Mrs. Phipoe, which contained the note for 2000l. and alſo a carving knife, bloody, found in one of the cloſets.

When the magiſtrates aſked the priſoners if they had any thing to ſay in their defence, they declined then ſaying any thing, having employed a counſel.

Miſs Deſchampe is of a very reſpectable character, and placed the utmoſt confidence in the friendſhip of Mrs. Phipoe, leaving all her houſehold furniture, &c. in her poſſeſſion when ſhe quitted the kingdom.

Fiſher, the man who was apprehended at Mrs. Phipoe's houſe, was not examined, but remains in cuſtody.

SECOND EXAMINATION.

On the Wedneſday following, Mrs. Phipoe and her maid-ſervant were brought up for re-examination. A caſe knife, on which was ſome blood, ſeveral letters, a chair cover, out of which a piece had been cut, and a black ribbon ſaſh, on which there were marks of blood, were produced by Miller and another of the Bow-ſtreet runners, who proved that they were found in the houſe of the priſoner.

The evidence of Mr. Courtoy was read to the priſoners.

On Mrs. Phipoe being aſked by the magiſtrate if ſhe had any thing to ſay in her defence, ſhe ſaid ſhe would leave it to her counſel. On a ſimilar queſtion being put to the maid ſervant, who ſeemed extremely agitated, ſhe related the following particulars, in a very clear and artleſs manner.

She ſaid, that on Sunday ſe'nnight, about eight o'clock, Mr. Courtoy rapt at the door of her miſtreſs's houſe, and was admitted. He was then ſhewn up to the ſecond floor, as Mrs. Phipoe apologized that the firſt floor was unfurniſhed, and that there was a fire in the room, to which Mr. Courtoy was ſhewn. When they had entered, ſhe caught Mr. Courtoy by the back, and her miſtreſs ſeized him by the collar, ſaying, "Have I caught you at laſt, you old villain; how could you, you old rogue, treat a woman like me ſo ill?" They then ſeated him in an arm-chair, at the ſide of which was a rope and a ribbon. Her miſtreſs held the knife produced to Mr. Courtoy's throat, who raiſed himſelf in the chair on his right knee, and held out one of his hands to keep Mrs. Phipoe at a diſtance, at the ſame time ſaying, "Have mercy, Thereſa." There were two candleſticks on the table, round the candles of which were wrapt pieces of black ſilk. On the table there was a wine-glaſs with ſome gunpowder in it, and a couple of leaden

leaden bullets. Her mistress and Courtoy had some conversation in a language which she did not understand, and then she was desired to leave the room, as Courtoy said it was not proper that she should hear what they had to say. She then retired: Mr. C—d—l, a doctor, was sitting below stairs, in the parlour, and she went to iron. Her mistress stampt with her foot, and the doctor desired her to go up stairs, as she was wanted. She went up stairs, and found Courtoy in the same posture, but tied by one of his arms. Her mistress had knocked three several times; the second time, she went up, Mr. Courtoy was writing a note, which she took down to the doctor for his inspection, still leaving the parties above stairs; but her mistress made an objection to the note, as the word one was spelled wrong; but Mr. Courtoy said, he had no objection to make it, instead of one, two thousand. Towards the conclusion of the business, the doctor was present; and after a stamp had been got, and a new note drawn and signed, her mistress sent her down stairs for a bottle of sherry and two glasses. The glasses were filled, but Mr. Courtoy refused to taste the wine; upon which her mistress said, "What do you think I want to poison you?" Her mistress then drank the two glasses of wine herself, and the parties finished the remainder. She did not see any pistols on the table, nor did she recollect seeing phial or liquid previous to her bringing up the sherry. As the watch was going eleven, Mr. Courtoy left the house; and as she opened the door, said, "God bless you!—good night!" After he was gone, the doctor and her mistress came down stairs into the parlour, and the doctor desired her to bring down the pistols, as he wanted to take them home; which she did, and they were put in the cases. He had often visited her mistress (with whom she had lived about six weeks), and he generally dined with Mrs. Phipoe on Sunday. He left the house about twelve o'clock that night, and, as was usual, she slept with her mistress. She said, that when she went up the last time, Mr. Courtoy's fingers were cut, and that her mistress desired her to get some rags to wrap about his fingers, which she did; but he found it also necessary to use his handkerchief. Her mistress, she said, had cut a piece out of a chair cover, in consequence of its being stained with Mr. Courtoy's blood.

Mrs. Phipoe and her maid were sent back to the prison, to be brought up for another examination.

After a subsequent examination, Mrs. Phipoe was committed under a warrant for a capital offence, and her maid admitted an evidence for the crown.

Courtoy is a very old man; and Mrs. Phipoe is a woman of low stature, with nothing interesting either in her person or manner. She seemed considerably agitated during the time her maid was giving an account of this mysterious transaction.

SUPPLEMENT *to our* THEATRICAL DEPARTMENT. *See page 33 in this Month's Magazine.*

COVENT-GARDEN.

THURSDAY night, April 23, a new farce, interspersed with songs, called the *Irish Mimic*, or Blunders at Brighton, from the prolific pen of Mr. O'Keefe, was performed for the first time.

The

The most prominent features of originality in this trifle are, the blundering imitations of Mr. Parrot, an Irish mimic, and on the whimsicality of this character rests chiefly the business of two long acts, which took up near two hours in representation. There are also two ladies of the name of Malcolm, an aunt and a niece; the one courted by an old gentleman, Mr. Cyprus, and the other by Captain Clifford, an officer. The latter gentleman is rendered unhappy by the supposition that the young lady to whom he pays his addresses carries on a correspondence with Cyprus, which error he is led into, from her bearing the same name as her aunt, who is the object of the old gentleman's choice. An explanation at length takes place; the Captain receives the hand of the young Julia; but the old lady, Miss Peggy, discards her enfeebled lover, and embraces the Irish Mimic. On the servant of Miss Peggy, who is the bearer of her love-letters to Cyprus, depends a considerable share of the comicality of the scene.

The intention of the author is evidently to raise a laugh, and although at the expence of all manner of probability, he undoubtedly has succeeded so far. There is scarcely an incident in the piece that will bear the test of reason; but, as Mr. O'Keefe is considered as a licensed wholesale dealer in absurdity, we shall content ourselves, with observing, that he has, in this instance, afforded an abundance of employment to the muscles of his risible customers, and hope the article of Irish mimicry may prove profitable to the industrious adventurer.

Johnstone exerted the full force of his Irish abilities in the part of Parrot; Munden and Fawcett were irresistibly laughable in Cyprus and the servant, and Macready was very respectable in Clifford. Mrs. Davenport played Peggy Malcolm, with considerable effect. Mrs. Lee is a good breeches figure, and she dances extremely well; Fawcett's imitation of Morelli was excellent: he was much applauded, and encored.

The piece was given out for a second representation with general applause.

The scenes are very beautiful, and present several correct prospects at Brighton.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

FOX HUNTING.

THE Essex subscription fox-hounds, under the firm of Hardinge, Newman, and Co. have left the Bromfield kennel—the *sporting partnership* dissolved.

The Pychely hunt assembled on Thursday the 26th ult. for their last week's sport this season: they had a *desperate run* of thirty-two miles on the Thursday preceding, and in the evening some desperate play.—Sir Charles Turner lately elected a member of this sporting society, 25l. the contents of the box belonging to the gentlemen of the Pychely hunt on breaking up for the season, given to the Northampton General Infirmary.

An excellent fox-chase at Firle Hill, Sussex, on Tuesday the 31st ult. Reynard run hard for his life, and got in a situation to be saved; but the dogs suffered to kill him.

The Saturday following a fox turned out near Long Bridge, befor the Seaford hounds—pushed him hard to the top of Windore Hill, where he gave them the slip, but immediately fell in with

with the Clapham-pack, to which he was obliged to surrender his brush.

Colonel Thornton's Merkin, not sold at Tatterfall's—the report of her being sold for 130 guineas a *flam*—the bet offered for her to run for 10,000 guineas—mere *gasconade!*——The bitch bought in.

Mr. Coke gives up fox-hunting in future; ill health the cause—the hunters and hounds soon expected to be sold.

Extract of a letter from Hexham, April 9, 1795.

The confederate pack of fox-hounds kept at this town by John Hunter, Esq of the Hermitage, Thomas Haggestone, and Edward Charlton, Esqs. of Landhoe, and Mr. Tulip, of Fallowfield, have had most capital sport this winter, and killed in the highest stile. They have only had three blank days this season. No hounds are followed better than they are, and the well-known hospitality of the owners deserve the highest encomium.

Extract of a letter from Tewkesbury, April 12.

A bag fox lately turned up at Bredod, near this place, afforded most excellent sport: after running hard across the country for two hours, he took the Severn. The sportsmen, six excepted, were thrown out, and the fox made for Corse Lawn, being expected to earth in Corse Grove, but being in a new country, he ran over the lawn to Stanton Swan, doubled there directly back for Corse Grove, and though the dogs viewed him several times in the cover, and close to the earth, Reynard attempted to enter. After running six miles further, he took the Severn a second time, not two hundred yards before the hounds. The gentlemen then present thought proper to hold a consultation, whether to pursue him or not; by general agreement it was determined not to kill him. The chase lasted six hours and a half, the distance being computed at fifty miles.

Extract of a letter from Shrewsbury, April 16.

On Tuesday the 7th instant, a fox was turned out at the Cross Hills, near Hinstock, in this county, before the hounds of Mr. Pigott, of Edgmond, which was one of the hardest runs we ever remember. He ran to Sambrook, and back to Howle, over the greatest part of Ercal Heath, and crossed the water below Tibberton Mill; he then took his course over the Mild Moors, through Kinnersley, Preston, Hadley Park, Apley Castle Shrubbery, Dothil Park, Orelton, Ercal Woods, five miles over the Wrekin, and to Little Wenlock, where he was taken in a limestone quarry. It is worthy of remark, that he was rescued from the pack after a chace of three hours and twenty minutes.

April 2, James Haxup, a person employed in killing of vermin that destroy the game, shot at Ulleskelf, near Tadcaster, a large glead or kite, which measured near two yards between the extremities of the wings.

EASTER SPORTS.

The various theatres in the metropolis and its vicinity opened their attractive doors, and displayed their several bills of fare; nor was the influence of Momus less visible at other places.

Greenwich displayed its usual ludicrous scenes. Stepney was thronged with weavers, sailors, and

and their doxies; a Jerusalem hobby (vulgarly called a jack-ass) race at Battle-bridge, for a Cheshire cheese, afforded high fun. The gentlemen of the *bank* were very brilliant at their polite amusement of bull-baiting at Holloway. Some of the genteel inhabitants of Clerkenwell, who thought themselves expert in cocking, had the temerity to fight a day's Play at the Queen's-head, at Tottenham, with the feeders of the Royal Pit, but had the mortification to return with long faces, dead cocks, and clear pockets. There was also a jingling match at Bethnal Green, and a smock-race at Hornsey. The whole concluded with the accustomed *unanimity*, *decorum*, and *good order* as is generally observed upon the like happy occasions!

CUMBERLAND.

It is an ancient custom at Keswick, for the girls to assemble in the parks on Easter Tuesday: and, dividing themselves into parties, to play at hand-ball, for the right of choosing at what house the *merry night* is to be. On the 7th instant, however, they were inclined to decide it rather by a poll than the hand-ball. The election began; but a dispute arising as to the mode of taking the votes, some of the most spirited of the damsels laid violent hands upon the *fidler*, (who happened to be present) thinking which ever party possessed him might usurp the privilege of appointing the house.—Alas, poor minstrel!—Thy situation is scarce less to be lamented than was that of thy predecessor, the tuneful *Orpheus*.—The poor *fidler* soon became the sole object of contention, and the *Thracian* scene of the drunken Bacchœ and Mœnades was vigorously renewed in the *Vale* of *Keswick*.—The contest was long and violent; and though the modern Orpheus did not experience the savage fate of his prototype, yet the resemblance was very strong; for long before the battle ended, this unfortunate son of *Apollo* was almost as *naked* as he came into the world!—However, the poets may differ in ascribing the attack upon the magic lyrist of the frozen *Rhodope*, to the rage of Bacchus, or the instigation of Venus, we can have no doubt that the charming violist of the stately *Skiddaw* suffered by the influence of the latter; happily the laceration was confined to his wardrobe; and his *fiddle*, like the *lyre* of his patron, escaped unhurt, amidst the devastations of his dress. Whether it will be made a *constellation* time will discover.

Shrewsbury, April 14.

On Sunday last died Richard Fowkes, aged twenty-six, at Ruyton, of the Eleven Towns, of that dreadful disease the hydrophobia. About eleven weeks before, he was bit by a dog, not then supposed to be mad, though it soon after appeared evidently that it was so. Unfortunately, recourse was not had to excision to the wounded part, nor any care taken to keep it open; it soon healed up, and the unfortunate man, continued well till a few days before his death; from which time his sufferings were very terrible, and medicine of no service.

BOXING.

The long expected battle between Mendoza and Jackson, for 200 guineas a-side, took place at Hornchurch, in Essex, on the 15th of April.

The spot on which the stage was erected, was certainly one of the

the beſt calculated of any ever known; for although upwards of 3000 perſons were preſent, yet no one could claim a ſuperiority of ſituation; the ſeat of conteſt was in a hollow of great depth, ſloping gradually, and in the bottom, the ſtage of 24 feet ſquare was placed.

About one o'clock Mendoza appeared, and politely bowed from each part of the ſtage to the populace: he was attended by Harry Lee as his ſecond, and Simmonds as his bottle-holder. In a few minutes after, Jackſon came forward, with Johnſon as ſecond, and Wood for bottle-holder. The umpires were, Mr. Alexander and —— Allen, Eſq.

After the cuſtomary ſalutation of ſhaking hands, at five minutes after one the combatants ſet-to.

Great caution was exhibited by both of them in the onſet, and near a minute elapſed before a blow was ſtruck, which was given by Jackſon, when Mendoza fell.

In the ſecond round Mendoza diſplayed much ſkill in guarding himſelf from the blows of his antagoniſt, and putting in ſome ſevere ones.

The third round was of ſome continuance, during which there was much hard-fighting, and though Mendoza was down at the end of it, he had apparently the advantage, and the bets, which at ſetting-to, were 5 to 4 in his favour, now encreaſed to 2 to 1 for him.

The fourth round was a very ſevere one. Jackſon following his adverſary with great reſolution, appeared to hold his manœuvres in contempt, and ſtruck ſeveral very hard blows, one of which cut open the right eye of Mondoza, who fell, and the conteſt was evidently in favour of Jackſon.

In the fifth round, Jackſon caught hold of Mendoza's hair and gave him ſeveral ſevere body blows, which brought him to the ground, on which Mendoza's friends hallooed out foul, foul, but on appealing to the umpires, they decided it fair.

In the three following rounds, Jackſon had manifeſtly the advantage; Mendoza acting entirely on the defenſive, and the odds were now two to one on Jackſon.

The ninth and laſt round diſcovered the great ſuperiority of Jackſon's ſtrength; he ſtruck many ſevere blows, and threw Mendoza down on the ſtage with aſtoniſhing violence, who being entirely exhauſted, was obliged to give in.

This battle, which laſted only ten minutes and a half, was allowed to be the hardeſt ever fought in ſuch a ſhort ſpace of time. Jackſon ſeemingly received very little injury, as he run and jumped off the ſtage with ſurpriſing agility; while his antagoniſt was apparently ſcarce able to walk, ſupported by two friends.

There was a ſecond battle fought for a ſubſcription-purſe, between a Jew known by the name of Black Baruck, ſeconded by the Ruffian, and one Burk, a glaſs-blower, ſeconded by James the waterman. This combat was ably conteſted on both ſides for about half an hour, when a diſpute ariſing about a foul blow, it was terminated by ſharing the money between them.

Among the *eminent* amateurs preſent, were the Duke of Hamilton, Lord Delaval, Sir John Phillipſon, Mr. Bullock, Mr. Clark, Mr. Lee, Mr. Fawcett, &c. and of practical profeſſors of notoriety, there were W. and Joe Ward, Jackling, George the Brewer, Tom Tyne, Fairſby, the Young Ruffian, &c.

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

In the New Drama of WINDSOR CASTLE.

SONG.

MR. BOWDEN.

I.

WHEN MIRTH, an infant, sleeping lay,
To shield him from the scorching day;
A vine branch o'er his face was flung,
With many a rip'ning cluster hung,
Rich with the NECTAR bright;
The NECTAR, which the heav'ns distil,
Instead of dew—the grape to fill,
And give the heart delight.

II.

The emerald fruit, from summer's beam,
Soon caught the ruby's briliant gleam:
Some bunches fell near MIRTH's full lip;
These—these he press'd,—and learnt to sip—
To sip the NECTAR bright;
The NECTAR, which the heav'ns distil,
Instead of dew—the grape to fill,
And give the heart delight.

III.

From year to year he quaff'd the tide,
And tho' of strength the woods to stride,
He to his vine-bough harbour clung,
There to remain—for ever young,
To drink the NECTAR bright;
The NECTAR—which the heav'ns distil,
Instead of dew—the grape to fill,
And give the heart delight.

FROM THE SAME.

SONG.

MR. FAWCETT.

I.

IN throngs from all parts, on pads, prancers, and pacers,
Hacks, hunters, and ponies, and trotters, and racers,
The people are gather'd, regardless of danger,
To view the fair face of the sweet blushing stranger;

And they feel honest pride,
While they drink in ale nappy,
"May the PRINCE and his BRIDE
Live long—and live happy."

II.

In the eye of each gazer a welcome seems ready;—
Tho' 'tis love at first sight, yet that love will be steady
—So to quicken our spirits, a song, and a story,
Till every heart warms for our dear country's glory.

And we feel a true pride
In each honest endeavour:
May the PRINCE and his BRIDE—
Live long—live for ever!

EPITAPH,

Written on a Stone let into the side of a small Church built on the Top of a Hill, in Wales, to the Memory of the Mason who died while it was building,

HERE lies William Wallup,
Who made these stones to roll up;
God has taken his soul up;
His body fills this hole up.

To the EDITORS *of the* SPORTING MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

LOOKING over some old papers the other day, I met with the following curious verses, which if you think worthy of inserting in your very entertaining Magazine, you will oblige

Your's,
VENATOR.

THE FIGHTING COCKS.

HENCE, you tame coxcombs, though you have a name,
And would be reckon'd cocks of truest game,
Though you've fine spurs to sport with, though you crow,
And reckon dunghills those that cannot show,
Feathers as fine as yours, who think no vice,
With cock-like lust, to tread your cockatrice;
Though peacocks, woodcocks, weather-cocks, you be,
If y'are not *fighting cocks*, y'are not for me.
I of two feathered combatants will write;
And he that means to th' life to express this fight,
Must make his ink the blood they then did spill,
And borrow from their dying wings, his quill.

No sooner were the doubtful people set,
The match made up, and those that would had bet,
But straight the skilful judges of the play
Produce their sharp-heel'd warriors, and they
Were both in linen bags, as if 'twere meet,
Before they dy'd, to have their winding sheet;
Into the pit they're brought, and being there
Upon the stage, the *Norfolk* Chanticleer
Looks stoutly at his ne'er-before-seen foe,
And, like a challenger, began to crow,
And clap his wings, as if he would display
His warlike colours, which were black and grey.
Meantime the wary *Wisbich* walks, and breathes
His active body, and in fury wreathes
His comely crest, and often looking down,
He whets his angry beak upon the ground;
This done, they meet, not like that dunghill breed
Of Æsop; these can better fight than feed:
They scorn the dunghill, 'tis their only prize,
To dig for pearls within each other's eyes.
They fought so nimbly, 'twould been hard to know,
From skilful judges, if they fought or no;
If that the blood, which dyed the fatal floor,
Had not proclaim'd it,—yet they fought the more,
And if each wound were but a spur to prick
Their fury forward. Light'ning's not more quick,
Or red, than were their eyes: none could divine,
Whether 'twas blood or anger made them shine;
I'm sure they had been out, had they not stood
More safe by being fenc'd in with their blood.
Thus went the conflict; but (alas!) at length,
Altho' their courage was full proof, their strength
And blood began to fail!—Oft has been seen
A wat'ry combat on the sea, between
Two angry, roaring, boiling billows, how
They roll, and meet, and dash their foamy brow;
Swelling like graves, as tho' they did intend
T' intomb each other e'er the quarrel end!
So fought these champions, till their blood grew low,
And they, who leap'd before, could scarcely go;
Their wings, which lately at each blow they clapp'd,
(As if they did applaud themselves), now flapp'd;
And having lost the advantage of the heel,
Drunk with each other's blood, could only reel:
From either eyes such drops of blood impend,
As if they wept them for their lives last end,
And yet they fain would fight; they came so near,
As tho' they'd whisper in each other's ear.
The

The wounds they meant, and when they could not rise,
They lay and look'd resentment from their eyes.
But now the tragic part!—After this fit,
When th' Norfolk cock had got the best of it,
And the Wisbich lay a dying, so that none
Tho' sober, but might venture seven to one;
Contracting, like an expiring candle, all
His strength, intending with the blow to fall:
He rose once more, and having taken wind,
Ventur'd a blow, and struck the other blind!—
And now poor Norfolk having lost his eyes,
Fights only guided by antipathies:
At length, by chance he stumbled on his foe,
But being too weak to strike a single blow,
He falls upon him with his wounded head,
And makes his conqu'ror's wings his feather-bed;
Where lying sick, his friends would help provide,
Tho' all in vain was ev'ry method tried;
But a short time he op'd his fainting bill,
And call'd a scriv'ner to make this will:
IMPRIMIS, let it never be forgot,
I leave my body freely to the pot;
When dress'd to meet some hungry stomach's call,
Which then shall serve for tomb and funeral.
ITEM, executors I will have none,
But he that on me has laid sev'n to one,
To him and to his heirs my comb I give,
That he and they like gentlemen may live.
To the dull mortal I my spurs impart,
And to the coward I bequeath my heart.
To ladies that are light, it is my will,
My feathers shall be giv'n, and my bill
I'd give the doctor, but it is so short,
That loving long bills, he'd not thank me for't.
For th' apothecary's fee, who meant
A clyster for me, let my rump be sent.
LASTLY, because I feel my life decay,
I die, and yield the Wisbich cock the day.

ANACREONTIC.

HOW can'st thou smile at my despair,
And bid me *other* nymphs adore?
Shew me a girl but *half* so fair,
And I will trouble thee no more.
Hide then that cheek, and lip and eye,
Since thus resolv'd to shun pursuit;
For Love will follow, like the fly,
That always seeks the *fairest* fruit.

To the Editors *of the* Sporting Magazine,

Gentlemen,

IF you think the following song worthy of a place in your Sporting Miscellany, by inserting it, you will oblige

A SPORTSMAN.

Stamford, April 20, 1795.

AS soon as the day, dawning forth from the east,
Has night's humid curtain withdrew,
The huntsman arises, and winds the sweet horn,
Inspiring the musical crew.

And now they're unkennel'd, and dashing abroad,
So wantonly frolic and gay;
Then clust'ring submits, by the whip and voice aw'd,
Thus trotting to cover away.

See through the copse, how the hounds spread and try,
Examining each likely hunt;
Hark! I heard Racket drag him, preluding a cry,
How they join her, and merrily chaunt!

As they get nearer to him, the chorus it fills,
Hark! hark! now the villain is found!
How grand is the crash while back from the hills
Echo gladly returns the sweet sound.

The ploughman and shepherds their labour forsake,
To tally him off see them run!
If not headed back, he soon now will break,
There's a halloo!—by G—d he is gone;

And now from the covert away burst the hounds,
Ambitious to lead, see each strive;
Now the scent having lost, see them fling o'er the grounds,
There they have it again—how they drive!

Hold hard!—they're at check!—how obliquely they spread,
There that wide-casting bitch, see, has hit him!
Now see the old hounds, how they press to the head!
A sure sign the villain is sinking.

H 2 They're

They've the scent over-run, now back le
them try.
See them bend to that piece of old Gorse!
Hark! that's an entapis, now through it
they fly!
Tally-ho! tally-ho! there he goes.

This loose now will do him, his wiles
avail nought,
See them run out of scent into view!
Ev'ry hound's chopping at him!——by
G—d then I thought——!
Now Rambler! now Racket!—Who!
whoops!

The hounds quite transported with eager-
ness feast,
The horn now proclaims he is dead:
The sportsmen all pleas'd, but no one so
bless'd
As the huntsman return'd with the head.

In perfection this glorious sport to enjoy,
At your table let temp'rance preside:
Ruddy health a companion you'll con-
stantly have,
And contentment will sit by her side.

TOM TRUELOVE'S KNELL

FROM DIBDIN'S "GREAT NEWS."

TOM Truelove woo'd the sweetest fair
That e'er to tar was kind;
Her face was of a beauty rare,
More beautiful her mind.
His messmates heard while with delight
He nam'd her for his bride:
A sail appear'd—ah! fatal sight!—
For grief his love had dy'd.
Must I, cry'd he, those charms resign
I lov'd so dear, so well!
Would they had toll'd, instead of thine,
Tom Truelove's knell!

Break, heart, at once, and there's an end,
Thou all that heav'n could give;
But hold, I have a noble friend—
Yet, yet for him I'll live.
Fortune, who all her baleful spite
Not yet on Tom had try'd,
Sent news, one rough tempestuous night,
That his dear friend had dy'd.
And thou too!—must I thee resign,
Who honour lov'd'st so well!
Would they had toll'd, instead of thine,
Tom Truelove's knell!

Enough, enough! a salt-sea wave
A healing balm shall bring.
A sailor you, cried one, and brave?
Live still to serve your king!
The moment comes; behold the foe,
Thanks, gen'rous friend, he cry'd.
The second broadside laid him low:
He nam'd his love and dy'd.
The tale, in mournful accents sung,
His friends still sorrowing tell,
How sad and solemn three times rung
Tom Truelove's knell.

EPIGRAM,

On the general adoption of SPENCERS, *particularly among the Clergy.*

QUEEN BESS once to a prelate said,
"Do thus, or straight unfrock,
sir;"
Charles Spencer once a wager laid,
The clergy staight he'd dock, sir,

This done, the wag of tonish fame
His garment's skirts cut off, sir,
The mangled mantle bore his name,
And eke the vulgar's scoff, sir.

But vulgar swinish eyes can't see
What gentle-folks look best in;
Or, howsoever that may be,
Such things all gentry drest in.

E'en grave divines in dock'd surtouts,
Soon join'd the tail-less set, sirs,
In skirtless coats, and topless boots!—
So Lord Charles won his bet, sirs.

THE EXPIRING CHAFFINCH'S ADDRESS.

TO MISS LINWOOD.

AH! cruel artist, thus your skill to try!
Before, I did but anguish, now I die!
With exultation yet I yield my breath,
And feel this transport in the pangs of death,
That future bards shall urge my piteous tale
In sounds, that may beyond thy stroke
prevail;
Deplore the silence of my liquid note,
Or paint the vary'd plumage of my throat;
The beaming yellow or the glowing red,
That gilds the wings, or decorates the head;
The polish'd jet, the azure's radiant train,
Which proudest kings might emulate in
vain.
Thus sung to latest times shall I be heard
And rank with Strada's or fond Lesbia's
bird;
Whilst thou (who coud'st such hapless ruin
bring,
Contract my talon, and the nerve unstring,
Diffuse a numbling chilness o'er my soul,
And ev'ry motion of the heart controul)
Howe'er unrivall'd, to the grave shall bow,
And be no more than thine own Dolce
now.